

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Chapters on Mental Physiology.* By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S. 1852.
2. *Psychological Inquiries: in a Series of Essays, intended to Illustrate the Mutual Relations of the Physical Organization and the Mental Faculties.* By Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., F.R.S. Third Edition: 1856.
3. *On the Reflex Function of the Brain. An Essay.* By Thomas Laycock, M.D. (British and Foreign Medical Review. Jan. 1845.)
4. *Farther Researches into the Functions of the Brain.* By Thomas Laycock, M.D., &c. (British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review. July, 1855.)
5. *Medical Notes and Reflections.* By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., &c. Third Edition. 1855.

Few men doubt that they use the brain as the organ of thought; fewer doubt that the mind which thinks influences the bodily organ, and that the organ influences the mind. The result of this continued conjoint action is life. Now, mental physiology, according to Sir Henry Holland's definition, marks "that part of human physiology which comprises the reciprocal actions of mental and bodily phenomena as they make up the totality of life." And since no physician can rightly fulfil his duties without an adequate knowledge of, and constant regard to, these important relations, it is not surprising that physicians and surgeons of the highest eminence have devoted a large share of thought and labor to the elucidation of mental physiology. Amongst the most recent results of these labors are the works before us.

It would be a great mistake, however, to look at the subject of mental physiology as nothing more than a branch of medical science and art; for if a knowledge of these reciprocal relations of body and mind be absolutely necessary for the right management of morbid, and, therefore, occasional conditions only, how much more necessary must it be for the uses of daily life? If every intelligent man had some portion of that knowledge which the accomplished physician or surgeon requires for the right exercise of his art, and could

apply it to regulate the ever-varying circumstances of his existence, how much suffering would he avoid, how much error would he escape, how much happiness would he secure.

Before a man can at all estimate the reciprocal influence of body and mind, he must, in some degree at least, have formed a notion of what they are. It is in this knowledge that the unprofessional mind is deficient. There is no lack of *empirical* or popular knowledge,—that is, of what will affect the mind through the body, or the body through the mind. The savage brute who wishes to wreak his vengeance on his wife, or to commit some sin of malice against his neighbor, knows well that the gin-shop supplies the means whereby his cowardly nature may be rendered sufficiently bold for the meditated outrage. The cunning auctioneer will push the glass about to awaken the dormant passions of his auditors, hoping (like "honest Iago") that the fate of some may be that of Cassio, who, when well plied with wine, solaced himself with the reflection that his state of consciousness was not altogether irregular. "Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand." Yet Cassio did find that his mental condition was wofully changed by nothing less imponderable than a stoup of liquor, and philosophically traced out cause and effect when he exclaimed,—“O, that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!”—“To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!”

The influence of mere material agents on the mental powers is never shown more strikingly and conclusively than in the effects of certain drugs—as opium, Indian hemp, henbane, chloroform. The doses of the latter can be so exactly graduated as to induce every form of mental disorder, from exalted delirium to that happy abolition of all consciousness which disarms the surgical knife of its greatest terrors, and renders it a welcome blessing. Who can have read the "Psychological Confessions of the English Opium-Eater," without a sort of fascination! marvelling much that a few grains of an in-

spissated vegetable juice should fill the mind with the most gorgeous images,—"building upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias or Praxiteles—beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos." Hachisch (the extract of Indian hemp) is used as a substitute for opium by Orientals, and its first effect is usually an intense feeling of happiness. The hachisch eater is happy, not like the sensualist, or the gluttonous voluptuary, but like him who hears glad tidings, or is intoxicated with success. He says with Romeo, "My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne." It exalts and magnifies all other states of consciousness. Minutes seem hours,—hours years. Theodore Gautier, a French writer of some note, found, when under its influence, that the slightest deep sound produced the effect of rolling thunder; his own voice appeared so tremendous to him, that he did not dare to speak out for fear of throwing down the walls, or of himself bursting like a bomb. Nothing is more common, in short, than this empirical knowledge of the action of material agents on the spiritual faculties, and yet the bulk of mankind know nothing of mental physiology. To attain to this knowledge, it is first and most emphatically necessary to know something of the natural history of the organ and of the agent.

What, then, is this consciousness? is the question of Sir Henry Holland:

"Scarcely," he replies, "can we render the conception of it clearer by definition, or describe what is inseparable from our existence and identity of being. Language here, as so often elsewhere, fails in meeting the emergency; and the very simplicity of the fact tends to make it less obvious to common comprehension. We have, in the instrument of examination, the actual thing to be examined; for we cannot better describe the mental life of man than as embodied in a succession of acts or states of consciousness so continuous as to give and maintain the sense of personal identity." (P. 4.)

There can be no question whatever, we think, that this is as near an exposition of mental life as general terms will permit. But the inquiry immediately arises, whether these successive states of consciousness are single at the same instant of time, or whether (to use Sir Henry's own words) our mental existence is to be viewed as a wide and mixed current, in which various sensations, thoughts, emo-

tions, and volitions do actually coalesce and coexist as to time, and are simultaneously conveyed to us by this common consciousness. Let an individual carefully examine his own perceptions in this respect, and he will arrive at some important knowledge. He will find how incessant, instantaneous, abrupt, is the change in the state of consciousness,—how continuous the stream,—how impotent his will to alter or modify the successive conditions. Yet at every moment there is unity of thought. The mind can only be in one state, or occupied with one notion or idea, at the same moment. This is the logical deduction from all we know of the phenomena of sensation, and its accuracy may be ascertained by observation.

"Place yourself," Sir Henry Holland remarks, "in the crowded streets of a city, a thousand objects of vision before your eye—sounds hardly less various coming upon the ear—odors also constantly changing—contact or collision at every moment with some external object. Amidst this multitude of physical objects of sensation, and with all the organs of sense seemingly open, one alone (whether in itself simple or compound does not affect the question) will be found at each moment distinctly present to the mind. It combines them only by giving close and rapid sequence to the acts of attention. Let the trial be made to attend at once to the figures of two persons within the same scope of vision; or to listen at the same moment to two distinct sounds; or to blend objects of sight with those of hearing in the same act of attention. The impossibility will instantly be felt, and the passage of the mind from one act to another very often recognized. Or, under the same circumstances, let the mind pass suddenly, by will or accident, into a train of inward thought, whatever the subject, and all the external objects thus crowded around you utterly disappear, though the physical agents producing, and the organs receiving, sensations, remain precisely as before. Every sense sleeps while the mind is thus awake and active within itself. A man so occupied may be alone in a multitude."

Thus in a few short sentences—nay, in a few short words—Sir Henry Holland gives the key to those phenomena of attention, which, under the term *mesmeric*, have excited the wonder, curiosity, and credulity of men. "*Every sense sleeps while the mind is thus awake and active within itself.*" Let the consciousness be occupied continuously with one idea or train of ideas, and nothing else can find a place: the external world and all its influences are shut out; there is neither pain nor pleasure from outer agencies, nor is there perception of any kind whatever. A

full orchestra may be executing a chorus of Handel while the mind is wholly absent from any consciousness of it. The loudest roar of cannon may be annihilated, at moments, to the officer who is intently engaged in manœuvring his regiment or his ship in the hour of battle. The terms absence of mind, abstraction, and reverie, indicate mental conditions of this kind. Illustrations are related which would appear to be incredible if not well authenticated, and wholly in accordance with these fundamental facts of consciousness.

Having clearly and once for all ascertained that there can be only one state of consciousness at one and the same moment, let the inquirer discard the converse proposition as utterly erroneous and as absolutely fatal to the right study of mind; for it is a fundamental error, and will vitiate all his inquiries and conclusions as to the true nature and relations of mental phenomena. This proposition being fully established, the inquiry arises, with what rapidity do these all-absorbing states of consciousness succeed each other? This question Sir Henry Holland discusses in his fourth chapter "On Time, as an Element in Mental Functions,"—a question which necessarily involves an inquiry into the relations which the *organ* of mind bears to its states of consciousness. It is obvious to all who direct their attention to the mental condition of the paralytic, or of persons laboring under that morbid condition of the brain known as *softening*, that in them the states of consciousness succeed each other with a rapidity manifestly much less than in a healthy condition of the organ. It is also well known that when the brain is stimulated by alcohol, opium, or other *nerve* narcotics, the states of consciousness succeed each other at a greatly accelerated rate of progress. And so also in acute mania. Robert Hall, when convalescent from mania, remarked, "You, with the rest of my friends, tell me that I was only seven weeks in confinement, and the date of the year corresponds, so that I am bound to believe you; but they have appeared to me like seven years. My mind was so excited, and my imagination so lively and acute, that more ideas passed through my mind during those seven weeks than in any seven years of my life."

Some of the most singular illustrations of

the rapidity with which states of consciousness succeed each other have been afforded by persons in whom there has been a sense of great personal danger, as during an accident, with, at the same time, a circulation of undecarbonized blood through the brain. The accidents of hanging and drowning are of this character. Binns relates the following:

"We are acquainted with a gentleman, who, being able to swim but little, ventured too far out, and became exhausted. His alarm was great; and, after making strenuous but ill-directed efforts to regain the shore, he shouted for assistance, and then sank, as he supposed, to rise no more. The noise of the water in his ears was at first horrible, and the idea of death—and such a death—terrific in the extreme. He felt himself sinking as if for an age; and descent, it seemed, would have no end. But this frightful state passed away. His senses became steeped in light. Innumerable and beautiful visions presented themselves to his imagination. Luminous aerial shapes accompanied him through embowering groves of graceful trees; while soft music, as if breathed from their leaves, moved his spirit to voluptuous repose. Marble colonnades, light-pierced vistas, soft grassy walks, picturesque groups of angelic beings, gorgeously plumaged birds, golden fish that swam in purple waters, and glistening fruit that hung from latticed arbors, were seen, admired, and passed. Then the vision changed; and he saw, as if in a wide field, the acts of his own being, from the first dawn of memory to the moment when he entered the water. They were all grouped and ranged in the order of succession of their happening, and he read the whole volume of existence at a glance. . . . From this condition of beatitude—at least, these were the last sensations he could remember—he awoke to consciousness, and consequently to pain, agony, and disappointment."

The confirmation of this wonderfully rapid succession of states under the circumstances given, is afforded by similar instances, not differing in any essential particular: yet the period between the cessation of respiration and loss of consciousness in drowning is exceedingly short, not occupying more than three minutes, and probably even a less time.

A similar rapidity of succession takes place probably in all morbidly excited affections of the cerebrum. The confessions of the English Opium-eater describe phenomena of the imagination under the influence of that drug not different from those just related. In dreams it is a matter of popular knowledge that there is an exceedingly rapid succession of these states.

"Each faintest trace that memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all that was — at once appears."

We may admit, with Sir Henry Holland, that this notion is vague, as everything in the world of dreams must necessarily be, and incapable of anything like proof. Occasionally, however, something like definiteness is obtained under very special circumstances. Count Lavalette thus describes a dream, and the time it occupied:

"One night, while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around; all was still. Nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived, at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry; the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the flames of which illuminated faces without skin, and with bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled in their large sockets, their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows in dismal silence; low inarticulate groans filled the air, and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued passing in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours, and they were followed by an immense number of artillery wagons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered. A disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length, the iron gate of the prison, shutting with great force, awoke me again. I made my repeater strike, it was no more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than *ten minutes*; that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe, and the watchword short. The next day the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I nevertheless do not remember one single event in my life, the duration of which I have been able more exactly to calculate."\*

Sir Benjamin Brodie supplies another instance:

"The late Lord Holland was accustomed to relate the following anecdote of what had happened to himself. On one occasion, when he was much fatigued, while listening to a friend who

was reading aloud, he fell asleep and had a dream, the particulars of which it would have occupied him a quarter of an hour or longer to express in writing. After he awoke, he found that he remembered the beginning of one sentence, while he actually heard the latter part of the sentence immediately following it, so that probably the whole time during which he slept did not occupy more than a few seconds."

The time occupied by a volition or act of will, gives in some degree a measure of the speed of mental action, and of the rapidity with which one state of consciousness gives place to another. The readiness of an "excitable" person, and the slowness of a lymphatic one, is matter of popular observation. Sir H. Holland remarks, with great justice, that —

"In extreme old age, which variously expresses, through the effects of gradual change, the more sudden but transient anticipation of disease, there appears to exist not merely an impairment of the powers of reception and volition, but also of those actions, whatever their nature, upon which association and suggestion depend. The train of thought may be just in its order and conclusions, but it is more slowly pursued. A longer time, in the strict meaning of the phrase, is required for those connections, and changes by succession, which occur in every such continuous action of mind. Here, too, as in disease, there is more of toil and difficulty in all intellectual operations — from the simple act of attention to the more complex ones of association and thought. The mind speedily becomes fatigued, the chain is broken, and confusion ensues. Observation shows these occurrences, in every shade and degree, in the medical cases which come before us, and they often afford the most curious and unexpected analysis of mental conditions, which in their more perfect and healthy state seem to be indissolubly united."

This extract is a good illustration of the subtlety, and at the same time the practical value, of Sir Henry Holland's views. Experiments are not wanting which would seem to supply the means of an approximative measurement of the rapidity of mental acts. A very large proportion of astronomical observations consist in noting the moment at which a star passes before the micrometer-threads of a telescope. The moment of this transit can be indicated, under the most favorable conditions, to a tenth of a second. Two senses are engaged in the operation, for while the observer watches the star, he listens to the strokes of the pendulum-clock, which stands near. When the star comes near the thread he notes its exact distance from it at a certain stroke of the pendulum, and then

\* Sleep Psychologically considered with reference to Sensation and Memory. By Blanchard Fossate, M.D. New York: 1850.



its exact distance past the thread at the next stroke. From a comparison of the distances on each side, the true moment of transit is estimated. Professor Bessel, of the Konigsberg Observatory, remarked that he evidently did not note the moment at which the star impinged on the threads synchronously with the other observers. Experiments were made to elucidate this point; and it was found, practically, that they all differed more or less from each other. Nicolai, of the Mannheim Observatory, also made experiments with Knorre of the Observatory at Nicolaief, and Clausen of Denmark. Knorre noted the true moment half a second later, and Clausen one-third of a second, while Bessel noted his observation a second earlier than Knorre. It is not easy to say how much time should be allotted to perception, and how much to volition, in cases of this kind. It is to be regretted that M. Nicolai stopped short in these experiments; for the habit of accuracy which a training in astronomical observation gives, is eminently useful in the observation of mental phenomena. One general fact is deducible from these remarks; namely, that there is a very considerable difference as to the rapidity with which mental states succeed each other.

Although the mind is a unity, certain morbid states of the consciousness occur, from which the conclusion has been most erroneously drawn that the mind is dual. These states are known as *double consciousness*. Insanity and somnambulism, and even ordinary dreaming, offer illustrations of this condition. Sometimes the individual has two separate currents of mental existence, running alternately, for a definite period of time, and wholly independently of each other. Thus, for a certain number of hours he will be in a given mental state, and be morose, joyous, clever; and then his whole state will change into the contrary, or what may be termed his natural condition. When he is in the one condition he has no recollection whatever of what occurred in the other, so that the one half of his existence is an entire blank to the other half. This is what occurs in certain forms of somnambulism. In insanity the same peculiarity appears in another form. The subject of it holds imaginary conversation with himself as though he were a second person; overwhelms himself with wit, overcomes himself in argument, not knowing all

the while that this strange conflict is produced by the alternate action of the two halves of his cerebrum. There can be no doubt, we think, that it is erroneous to term this state "duality of mind;" it is, as Sir Henry Holland conclusively argues, duality of function. A very practical conclusion Sir Henry draws from this singularly interesting state is, that this duality of function may occasionally be the cause of insanity.

"The considerations already stated," he remarks, "bring us immediately to the question whether some of the aberrations of mind which come under the name of insanity, are not due to incongruous action of this double structure, to which perfect unity of action belongs in the healthy state. . . . It has been a familiar remark that in certain states of mental derangement, as well as in some cases of hysteria which border closely upon it, there appear, as it were, two minds; one tending to correct, by more just perceptions, feelings, and volitions, the aberrations of the other, and the relative power of these influences varying at different times. Cases of this singular kind cannot fail to be in the recollection of every medical man. I have myself seen many such, in which there occurred great disorder of mind from this sort of double dealing with itself. In some cases there would seem to be a double series of sensations; the real and unreal objects of sense impressing the individual so far simultaneously that the judgment and acts of mind are disordered by their concurrence. In other instances, the incongruity is chiefly marked in the moral feelings, an opposition far more striking than that of the incongruous perceptions, and forming one of the most painful studies to the observer of mental disease."

The last state of mind we have to notice is the most curious of all, viz., the unconscious state; or, in other words, the succession of mental states of which we are not cognizant at the time of transition, or of which we often become cognizant by the results only, as an act of memory, in dreams, delirium, and other morbid states. To speak of unconscious mental states, or of unconscious mind, is apparently paradoxical; but let the reader carefully examine the state of his own mind, — his volitions, perceptions, trains of thought, — and he will find multitudinous examples of mental states which never reach his consciousness, or, at least, *would* never have reached it, had he not sought for them, watched for them, and by a vigorous mental effort set them before his "mind's eye." This kind of state is not dissimilar from that of the unconsciousness to external objects which we have already noted. It is, in fact,

a state in which the mind is not conscious of internal mental operations, just as in the latter it is not conscious of external impressions. Thus, a banker's clerk will run his eye over a column of figures and will name the total without any consciousness of the details of the process. So the reader of these pages has been reading sentence after sentence without any definite consciousness of the structure of each component phrase, or of their relation to each other as a whole. Dr. Carpenter, in his valuable chapter on the Functions of the Nervous System,\* places in this category a much higher class of mental phenomena than even these.

"Most persons who attend to their own mental operations are aware that when they have been occupied for some time about a particular subject, and have then transferred their attention to some other, the first, when they returned to the consideration of it, may be found to present an aspect very different from that which it possessed before it was put aside, notwithstanding that the mind has since been so completely engrossed with the second subject as not to have been consciously directed towards the first in the interval. Now a part of this change may depend upon the altered condition of the mind itself, such as we experience when we take up a subject in the morning with all the vigor which we derive from the refreshment of sleep, and find no difficulty in overcoming difficulties and in disentangling perplexities which checked our further progress the night before, when we were too weary to give more than a languid attention to the points to be made out, and could use no exertion in the search of their solutions. But this by no means accounts for the *entirely new development* which the subject is frequently found to have undergone when we return to it after a considerable interval; a development which cannot be reasonably explained in any other mode than by attributing it to the intermediate activity of the cerebrum, which has in this instance automatically evoked the result without our consciousness."

Dr. Carpenter states that he submitted these views to Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. John Mill. Mr. Mill assured him that the fact of the unconscious development of a subject of thought was so familiar to him, that when he found it difficult to pursue an inquiry farther, not seeing his way clearly through its entanglements, he was accustomed to lay it aside for weeks or even months, and to devote himself to some other object, with the full expectation (derived from frequent experience) of being able to prosecute his first investigation with diminished difficulty, whenever he might feel disposed to resume it. Sir B. Brodie makes an observation to the same effect in his "Psychological Inquiries." Referring the *development* of ideas

\* Human Physiology. Fifth Edition.

to this principle, as in the case of poetic creations and scientific discoveries, he adds:

"But it seems to me that on some occasions a still more remarkable process takes place in the mind, which is even more independent of volition than that of which we are speaking; as if there were in the mind a principle of order which operates without our being at the time conscious of it. It has often happened to me to have been occupied by a particular subject of inquiry; to have accumulated a store of facts connected with it; but to have been able to proceed no farther. Then, after an interval of time, without any addition to my stock of knowledge, I have found the obscurity and confusion, in which the subject was originally enveloped, to have cleared away; the facts have seemed all to have settled themselves in their right places, and their mutual relations to have become apparent, although I have not been sensible of having made any distinct effort for that purpose."

These are singularly curious and interesting statements, and valuable contributions to mental physiology, although we are inclined to doubt whether the results of a repose from a subject for weeks or months can be placed in exactly the same category as those following from a much shorter period.

But, in fact, as has been pointed out by Sir William Hamilton, these observations and this doctrine had, to a great extent, been anticipated by Leibnitz in the introduction to his "*Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement humain*," which were written in answer to Locke in 1704; and first published by Raspe in 1765. The passage is one of such remarkable acuteness of observation and such masterly eloquence, that we place it before our readers.

"D'ailleurs il y a mille marques qui font juger qu'il y a à tout moment une infinité de perceptions en nous mais sans aperception et sans réflexion; c'est-à-dire des changements dans l'âme même, dont nous ne nous apercevons pas, parceque ces impressions sont ou trop petites et en trop grand nombre, ou trop unies, en sorte qu'elles n'ont rien d'assez distinguant à part; mais jointes à d'autres, elles ne laissent pas de faire leur effet et de se faire sentir dans l'assemblage au moins confusément. . . . Toute attention demande de la mémoire, et quand nous ne sommes point avertis, pour ainsi dire, de prendre garde à quelques-unes de nos propres perceptions présentes, nous les laissons passer sans réflexion et même sans les remarquer; mais si quelqu'un nous en avertit incontinent et nous fait remarquer, par exemple, quelque bruit qu'on vient d'entendre, nous nous en souvenons et nous nous apercevons d'en avoir eu tantôt quelque sentiment. . . . Ces petites perceptions sont donc de plus grand efficace qu'on ne pense. Ce sont elles qui forment ce je ne sais quoi, ces goûts, ces images des qualités des sens, claires dans l'assemblage, mais confuses dans

*les parties*; ces impressions que les corps qui nous environnent font sur nous et qui enveloppent l'infini; cette liaison que chaque être a avec tout le reste de l'univers. On peut même dire qu'en conséquence de ces petites perceptions le présent est plein de l'avenir et chargé du passé; que tout est conspirant (*οὐκ ἔστιν πάντα* comme disait Hippocrate), et que dans la moindre des substances, des yeux aussi perçants que ceux de Dieu pourraient lire toute la série des choses de l'univers.

"Quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox ventura trahantur."

"... En un mot, les perceptions insensibles sont d'un aussi grand usage dans la pneumatique que les corpuscules dans la physique; et il est également déraisonnable de rejeter les unes et les autres sous prétexte qu'elles sont hors de la portée de nos sens."

There is, however, a wide distinction between these "unconscious perceptions" of Leibnitz and the unconscious functional activity which Dr. Carpenter and some modern writers appear to ascribe to the brain; for, however difficult it may be to analyze and trace to their source the unbidden operations and creative energy of the human mind, the most profound observation of the organs of thought points to faculties of the intellect incomparably beyond them. To borrow another sentence from Leibnitz:

"De plus par le moyen de l'âme ou de la forme, il y a une véritable unité qui répond à ce qu'on appelle moi en nous; ce qui ne saurait avoir lieu ni dans les machines de l'art ni dans la simple masse de la matière, quelque organisée qu'elle puisse être, qu'on ne peut considérer que comme un étang plein de poissons ou comme une montre composée de ressorts et de roues."  
— (Leibnitz, *Système nouveau de la Nature*, § 11.)

Dr. Laycock, now occupying that chair in the University of Edinburgh, to which the names of Cullen, Gregory, and Alison have given such high eminence, has carried his researches deeply into these subjects, and brought under a system of psychology many anomalies which had before perplexed all inquiry into these singular relations of mind and body. We have not room here to comment on the peculiar views contained in Dr. Laycock's writings, though they may at some future time come under our consideration. We would merely notice at present, in connection with the subject before us, his striking application of the doctrine of unconscious or automatic mental states to the illustration of the theory of instincts, and even to the spontaneous intuitions of genius which he ranges under the same category. Mozart, when only four years old, wrote music in strict accordance with the rules of musical composition, although he had not

been instructed in them. In after life he wrote music, to use his own phrase, because he could not help it. To the same class of phenomena belong the wonderful calculators, and all the apparent marvels of clairvoyant, hysterical, and somnambulistic geniuses. Sir H. Holland remarks, in his preface, that in the discussion of his subjects he has kept constantly in view "that great law of continuity which equally governs all mental and material phenomena" (in this respect being an acute follower of Leibnitz and of Aristotle); adding that no conclusions are more secure, or more profitable, than those drawn from a careful notice of continuous relations, and of those gradations of change which bring extreme cases within common laws, and reconcile anomalies with facts familiar to experience. No better illustration of the value of this "great law" can be afforded than the doctrines just stated — doctrines which link in a common category the innate knowledge of the mere instinctive animal, the aspirations of genius, and the delirious fantasies of the hysterical and insane. These remarks, very general as they are, must close what we wish to say as to the *agent*. We will now pass to the consideration of the *organ*, most closely associated with all the functions of mind.

The study of the anatomy of the brain and nervous system has been rendered much more repulsive than it need be, by the perplexing structural divisions adopted by anatomists. The layman, so soon as he enters upon the study of the structure of the encephalon (or that portion of the nervous system contained within the skull, and which is the principal material organ of thought), encounters the most singular array of uncouth terms. He reads of the corpus callosum, the pes hippocampi, the calamus scriptorius, the floor of the fourth ventricle, the pyramid, the pineal gland, the olivary bodies, and many more terms of the most fanciful meaning; necessary, it is granted, for the anatomist as track-marks, but more embarrassing than instructive to the general student of mental physiology. Apart from this minute and technical anatomy, the structure of the brain and nervous system is easily comprehensible, thanks to the patient labors of numerous microscopic observers, and may be very briefly described. Every bone of the spine is a thick ring; and these bones, when placed upon each other, form not only what is called the vertebral column, but also a canal. Within this strong bony canal is placed the spinal cord — *medulla* or marrow, in popular phrase — which is continuous upwards with the brain, and downwards with the nerves going off to the limbs and trunk. The brain and this spinal cord constitute the great centres

of all sensorial and motive action; hence they are termed the "cerebro-spinal axis." It is in and by and through this axis that the mind operates and receives the impressions of the senses; and its various channels of communication with the external world are the multitudinous nerves of motion and sensation which, passing off in innumerable and microscopically minute fibrils from the axis, ramify over the whole surface of the body, and penetrate every muscular fibre.

Anatomical research shows that although there *may* be one centre, the special seat of consciousness, to which all impressions pass (designated by older writers the common sensory), yet there are smaller centres of action which are not necessarily the seat of consciousness, but in which is seated a sort of unconscious intelligence—or, we should rather term it, instinctive perception and volition—to regulate the muscles and viscera adaptively. These are termed ganglia, being knot-like structures situate on the nerves. All the centres are of the same general structure as these; that is, they are ganglionic, and made up of "white" and "gray" matter or tissue—a fact easily observed by slicing the brain of a sheep. The white portion, like the nerves, is made up of fibrils, whose function is that of the telegraphic wires—that is, they are fibrils of communication; the gray matter is made up of very minute hollow globules, corpuscles, vesicles, or "cells," collected in masses, containing little grains or nuclei, and surrounded by a large number of blood-vessels. These cells appear to be the seat of action in the brain, and in the spinal cord and ganglia they are the source of adapted motions and other functions appropriate to the wants of the animal. In some parts of the body this cell-structure is found far away from the great seat of thought and will, connected only by communicating fibrils; in this case, the latter are the nerves of sensation, and the cell-structure constitutes a part of a special organ adapted to receive impressions from without. Of this kind is the retina, spread out on the back chamber of the eye, and connected with the brain by the optic nerve; so also the auditory nerve is spread out on the beautiful bony mechanism of the ears. Virtually, then, the brain is *prolonged* by these communicating fibrils to the eye, the ear, the nose, the mouth, the skin. It is in virtue of this arrangement, that if a leg has been amputated, and the trunk of the communicating fibrils which still remain in the stump be irritated, pain is felt as if the amputated foot itself were the seat of the injury; and thus the sufferer may apparently, and to his own feelings, experience pain in a limb, the constituent elements

of which have been long scattered to the four winds. And this is the case with all the senses; impressions made on the communicating fibrils excite the same idea of *outness* as if the very nerve-cell itself had been touched, which is the sentinel of the intelligent principle within. Thus it is that deaf people hear, as it were, the ringing of bells, the whistling of the wind, the roar of cataracts—thus it is that the blind see flashes of light, brilliant colors, and phantasms of wondrous variety—thus it is that abominable odors oppress the sense of smell when that sense is abolished, and bitterness is felt when nought bitter touches the palate.

As we do not propose to write a formal dissertation on the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system, we have said enough for our readers to understand some of the effects of that wonderful reciprocity of action of body and mind which it is the province of mental physiology to explain. Amongst the most interesting of these are "the effects of mental attention on bodily organs"—to which subject Sir H. Holland devotes a chapter. A right knowledge of these constitutes a key to the understanding of all those remarkable, but by no means inexplicable, phenomena, designated mesmeric, electro-biological, magnetic, spiritualistic, &c.,—all which are purely natural, and exceptional in no respect whatever to those who comprehend the principles of mental physiology.

Let us revert to the *agent* in mental phenomena, and inquire, with Sir Henry Holland, what is meant by the act of mind termed *attention*. It is the direction of the consciousness by voluntary effort, or otherwise, to particular organs and parts of the body. It is the mind trying to know and become cognizant of states of the organism through its telegraphic communications and outposts. Now the consciousness may be thus directed by a distinct act of the will, or independently of the will, and be induced by sensations derived from the part, or by some mental state having reference to the part, but equally independent of volition. When thus directed, an act of attention may and will induce in many persons changes in the physical condition and functions of the part to which it is directed.

Sir H. Holland was one of the first in recent times (1839) to direct the attention of physiologists and physicians to this curious phenomenon, and it will be interesting to note some of the illustrations he gives. There are good grounds for the opinion that the action of the heart is often quickened or otherwise disturbed by the mere centering the consciousness upon it, independently of any emotion or anxiety. Stimulated attention will frequently give a local sense of



arterial pulsation where not previously felt, and create or augment those singing and rushing noises in the ears, which probably depend on the circulation through the capillary vessels. A concentration of the consciousness on the stomach creates a sensation of weight, oppression, or other less definite uneasiness. It is thus the dyspeptic aggravates his symptoms by the constant and earnest direction of his mind to the digestive organs, and the functions going on in them. Feelings of nausea may be produced or greatly increased in this way, and are often suddenly relieved by the attention being directed to other objects. So, if a person directs his attention to the act of swallowing, it instantly becomes embarrassing; or if he be a stammerer, and is suddenly reminded of his infirmity, vain are the struggles to get out his words. Sir Henry Holland points out that it is in this way the homœopathic observer falls into error. He commences a "proving," that is, the observation of the effects of remedies, by taking an incalculably small molecule of some material, as chalk or charcoal, usually believed by common experience to be inert, and vigorously sets his attention to work to detect its operation on various parts of his body. Sensations and functional disturbances occur in obedience to these reiterated acts of directed consciousness, and a catalogue of symptoms is quickly produced, amounting sometimes to hundreds. The attention urged to seek for local sensations has no difficulty in finding them; nay, they generate one another, and are often excited by the mere expectation that they will occur.

In the experiments also of the mesmeric philosopher there is identically the same source of error, with this difference, that the attention of the subject is directed to the parts affected by the manipulations of the mesmeriser, and not by his own processes of thought. Very many years ago, Sir Henry Holland had his mind directed to this point when witnessing some mesmeric experiments made by the late Mr. Chenevix. These experiments, made on two young girls, had the effect of inducing various sensations — heat, weight, or inability of motion — in any limb to which the attention was expressly solicited by mesmeric means applied, and by the questions asked. The proof as to the real nature of the causes concerned was afforded by the repetition of the experiments, with the *show* of the same means applied (a mere slip of paper placed by the mesmeriser upon the limb), but with nothing actually done. The effect was precisely the same as before in the description of sensations produced; and this result was obtained repeatedly, with little

variation. The operation of Perkins' metallic tractor illustrates the same law.

Of late years these phenomena have given rise to phreno-mesmerism, odylism, rhabdomaney, oneiromancy, demonology, and the like. Not understanding the physiology and pathology of the nervous system, merely perceiving a certain amount of reality in the phenomena induced, stimulated by the opposition and scoffs of unreasoning sceptics, — the supporters of these various delusions have plunged from one depth of error to a lower deep, and thence to a lower still, until settled insanity or monomania, or the wildest eccentricity, has ended their course of experimental inquiry. Theirs has been the fate of Phaeton: thinking in their ignorance that they could guide an inquiry into the deepest mysteries of human nature, the subject has overmastered their weak intellects and hurled them headlong.

"Ibant obscuro solâ sub nocte per umbram  
Perque domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna."

It is part of the great scheme of Divine Providence that animals endowed with the power of vision shall use the eyes given them to exercise that power; it is equally a part of that great and wondrous scheme that the brain and nervous system shall be the organs of thought. It is for this purpose solely they have been so exquisitely constructed. If, then, men set themselves to prove, and passionately insist that their arguments be heard, that there is in the ordinary course of nature vision without eyes, and *manifest* mental phenomena independently of that most cunning and most marvellous piece of organic mechanism in the universe, the human brain, they have taken leave of their best guide, common sense.

Whatever changes the nerves undergo in relation to consciousness the brain itself will undergo. Hence it is that just as the functional activity of the nerves may be altered mesmerically, and changes in motion, sensation, and nutrition follow, so also may the brain; and all those morbid conditions may result which are found in diseases in which the function and not the structure of the brain is modified. The most common and the most typical of this class of changes is that which occurs in sleep. In reference to this singularly mysterious phase of mental life, Sir Henry Holland advances views of great practical importance; for if the true nature of sleep and dreaming be understood, the key is acquired to every possible variety of disorder of "ideation," from the simplest maniacal delirium to the wildest ecstasy of the clairvoyant, the Pythonissa, or the *ecstatica*. Sir Henry is of opinion that sleep is not

a unity of state, but a series and succession of states, ever varying from moment to moment. These variations are of every degree of diversity, from complete wakefulness to the most perfect sleep of which we have cognizance. Yet, even in the latter condition, fleeting changes may be, and are, presented to the consciousness as dreams, so that no state of sleep is without them. That they are not remembered is no proof that they have not occurred, for we constantly forget our dreams. To argue otherwise is to argue for the annihilation, in fact, for a time, of all that is not merely organic life; a condition absolutely antagonistic to all the phenomena of mental life.

Dreams cannot, however, be studied apart from other analogous conditions of the mind. In the insane we have acts which are simply the result of acted dreams, and in the delirium of intoxication or fever we have the same condition from different causes. These constitute, as Sir Henry Holland tersely remarks, *the great mines of mental discovery open to us*. It is from the study and observation of these groups of phenomena, in connection with more evanescent changes, that we can attain to a just theory of madness. The law of continuity of phenomena is specially useful as a guide through this labyrinth of contradictory facts and conclusions.

"I know of no principle so capable of affording it as that which views all the forms of insanity, including delirium, in their relation to corresponding healthy states of mind; tracing this connection through those intermediate grades, which are so numerous exposed to us in the various conditions of human existence. The diversities of the mind in what is accounted its healthy state, — the effect of passions in suddenly altering its whole condition, of slighter emotions in gradually changing it, and of other incidents of life in affecting one or more particular faculties, — its subjection periodically to sleep, and casually to the states of intoxication, somnambulism, and reverie, — its gradual transition in fever from a state where there is consciousness of vague and wandering ideas to that of perfect delirium, — all these furnish so many passages through which we may follow sanity into insanity, and connect the different forms of disordered intellect, as well with each other as with the more natural and healthy functions of the mind."

Before entering more particularly into these conditions, let us inquire into the state of the consciousness in dreaming.

In dreams the most remarkable characteristic of consciousness is, that through all the continuous states, through all the phantasmagoria (which pass as we have seen in rapid succession), however absurd the idea, however monstrous the conclusions, the reality and verity of the states are never doubted,

except in those apparently exceptional instances, in which there is so much of true mental state that the patient suspects, or in incorrect popular phrase "dreams," that he is dreaming. How is this question to be answered? Whatever change in the brain is presented to the consciousness, no matter what kind it may be, a change in the mental state is induced, and that change is believed to be real. Running parallel with the series of changes in the consciousness there is a concurrent series of changes in the cell structure of the nervous system equally rapid, equally successional; and it is the sum-total of these in any given time which constitute the material link between the spiritual and the physical. Deeper we cannot penetrate. Normally, at every inlet to the sensorium the excitants of the sensorium pour in, — now by the ear, now by the eye, now by the smell or the touch, or from the wide-spread inner surfaces. Each of these would, separately, develop erroneous ideas or perceptions, but one corrects the other. "Erroneous states of consciousness probably occur," Dr. Laycock remarks, "at many moments of our waking lives; not one of our senses is to be depended upon; but there is a preordained mutual control and correction of each other in healthy action which is destroyed in dreaming and other abnormal states of the cerebrum." And why? Simply because the inlets of knowledge are acting imperfectly; the external senses are partially or wholly shut; there is no perception of locality or of surrounding things; and so the mere phantasmagorial succession of cerebral changes is presented to the consciousness without that direction and correction which in the waking normal state they perpetually undergo. This explanation applies to every form of erroneous conviction dependent upon *sensorial* changes. We say *sensorial*, because the *motor* portion of the system is more or less paralyzed in sleep and dreams, and the will which controls the functions of the waking mind is entirely, or almost entirely, suspended. This exclusion of sensations from without varies indefinitely even in the soundest sleep.

"It varies presumably at every moment of time," Sir Henry Holland remarks, "and not only as to the degree in which the general power of perception is present, but even as to the ratio of impression from different organs. One sense, in the plainest meaning of the expression, may be more asleep than another. In dreams this exclusion of external sensations is generally more complete than in madness, or the ordinary state of intoxication; and here, accordingly, the *excursus* of aberration appears to be widest."

Cicero says, and justly, that if it had been so ordered by nature that we should actually

do in sleep all we dream, every man would have to be bound down before going to bed: "Majores enim, quam ulli insani, efficerent motus somniantes."

We have seen what grand imagery and strange phantasms may be seen in sleep; all men know how argumentative, how poetic, how musical, how brilliant they may be in their slumbers. But in the waking state also these things may take possession of the consciousness, and are then known as *spectral* or delirious illusions. There may be, and indeed are, illusions of every sense, not spectres only, or *visual* illusions, but auditory also, as when "airy tongues syllable men's names"; or olfactory, when odious scents haunt the sufferer; or tactile, as when it is felt as if ants or other insects were creeping here and there on the skin. Of all these, the visual and the auditory are the most interesting, because they are not only of the most frequent occurrence, but they most frequently lead to mistaken conclusions and acts. They are the staple of all tales of magic and witchcraft, of the marvels of odylism, electro-biology, mesmerism, and have even led to great religious movements and epidemical excitements.

"While connected on the one hand," as our author remarks, "with dreaming, delirium, and insanity, they are related on the other, by a series of gradations, with the most natural and healthy functions. From the recollected images of objects of sense which the volition, rationally exercised, places before our consciousness for the purposes of thought, and which the reason duly separates from the realities around us, we have a gradual transition, under different states of the sensorium, to those spectral images or illusions which come unbidden into the mind, dominate alike over the senses and reason, and, either by their intensity or duration, produce disorder in the intellectual functions, and in all the actions depending thereon."

In illustration of the strange and complex character of these phenomena, Sir Henry mentions a faculty (often tried experimentally by himself) which the mind occasionally exercises, of modifying, by a sort of voluntary effort, the spectral images which come involuntarily before the perception when the eyes are closed. An outline, or figure, having some likeness to a face, may often by a certain effort be more closely assimilated to it, and the supplementary features made to stand out as if at our bidding. These kind of images will come involuntarily before the mind. We well remember how, when prostrate on a bed of sickness, the large flickering shadows of things thrown on the wall of the room opposite to us, by the watcher's dim candle, gradually assumed the outline of grotesque gigantic human forms, and re-

mained perfect so long as we passively looked at them, but were resolved into their elements the moment the attention was fixed upon them. So also the folds of the coverlet gradually assumed the appearance of figures sculptured from the whitest Parian,—beautifully chaste and classic female forms, excelling apparently the finest works of Greek art, until, rising to look more curiously at them, the whole array of beauty vanished. Sometimes, however, the contrary happens, and these spectral images intrude themselves so forcibly that they cannot be put aside, although the person is fully awake, and conscious of the presence of illusion. Sir H. Holland has met with many remarkable examples of this disorder, and more than one case confirming that recorded by Dr. Abercrombie, in which the patient, though creating the illusion by an effort of the will, had no equal power of removing it. He could call up the ghost, but exorcise it he could not.

These illusions are connected with other facts of singular interest and of great practical importance. We have seen how acts of attention will develop sensations and movements and changes of function in the so-called mesmeric and electro-biological phenomena, and in the homeopathic practice. Similar excited acts of attention will also develop these sensuous illusions, only the operator *suggests* to the subject the set of ideas upon which the illusion is to be based. Sometimes the suggestion is made directly, as when the electro-biologist distinctly tells his "medium" that he cannot do such and such a thing; or that a given object is sweet, or is bitter, and the like. More frequently the suggestion arises indirectly in a consecutive chain or association of ideas. The singular results of *suggestion*, as seen in the so-called electro-biological phenomena, may be varied with suitable "subjects" in every possible way. That curious change of personal identity, for example, so characteristic of dreaming and of insanity, may be induced. In one instance, two young ladies, the one married, the other single, were made to change identities. One of these ladies was told that she was to go to sleep the next day at one o'clock, at which hour the operator would not fail to mesmerize her. *He* forgot all about it; but a minute or two after the clock struck one, the subject was sound asleep. In these instances there was no belief in mesmerism by the operator; it was simply an experiment made by a physiologist to determine the real influence of suggestion.

The class of spectral illusions suggested by associated ideas in "sensitives,"—that is, persons predisposed by cerebral excitability,—is well illustrated by the dagger scene in "Macbeth." Familiar as the lines are, they

acquire a fresh interest from their astonishing analysis of the most subtle mental phenomena.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee:

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? Or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind: a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

*Thou marshal'st me the way that I was  
going,*

*And such an instrument I was to use.*

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
senses,

Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;  
And on the blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such  
thing;

*It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eye."*

This is an exquisite piece of psychological painting. The sleepless excited murderer thinks of his weapon—and the spectral illusion of the dagger appears; then of his going to do the deed—and it "marshals" him onwards; then of the deed done—and the dagger is dropping with blood.

A Baron von Reichenbach has labored, experimentally, for years, and published a thick volume, illustrated with plates, containing the results of a long-continued series of researches, from which the inference is drawn, that there is a force in nature, not hitherto recognized, termed *Odyle*. It proceeds from different sources, and to avoid circumlocution the Baron designates its varieties after these,—"*crystallo-dyle*," "*thermo-dyle*," "*electro-dyle*," "*photo-dyle*," "*magnet-o-dyle*," "*chemo-dyle*," "*heli-dyle*," and for the whole material universe (these experimentalists set no limits to their ambition) "*pantodyle*"! The sole basis of this grand fabric of philosophy, devised by a philosopher who believes that he is going deeper than ever plummet sounded, is nothing more than the suggested visual phantasmas as to phosphorescent light of a dozen or two hysterical men and women. Any one can make the experiment for himself. Let him take an excitable, imaginative young girl; let him from day to day work on her imagination; let him, by constant excitation of the sensorial organ—the cerebrum, render her "*sensitive*," or a "*medium*," to use the cant phrase of the spiritualists and odylists,—and he will make her see the "*odyle*" light in an empty hair-trunk, and a universe of starry lights in a band-box.

When these phenomena are induced in a

number of persons at once, the most grotesque and extraordinary notions will spread through society. Let the superstitious and credulous only believe that a sacred picture moves its motionless eyes, and crowds to whom the phenomenon is thus suggested, will, as they think, indubitably see it. And who can gainsay such abundant evidence of eye-witnesses? Thus, also, is it with spirit-rapping. Listening believingly, the devotee hears illusory sounds; for it is quite true that in a certain proportion of spirit-rapping experiments there is no attempt at wilful deception—the whole process being one of excited auditory illusions. The grandest effect of all is produced when the operator can influence by vapors or drugs the sensory organs of an audience already constitutionally fitted for the purpose, and thereby develop, artificially and quickly, an extreme sensitiveness in the whole assembly. Under these circumstances there are no scenes so monstrous, so extraordinary, so supernatural, that may not be suggested to the imaginations of the audience.

All these startling phenomena may thus, then, be reconciled with the principles of mental physiology. They are simply the phenomena of a temporary, artificially excited state of mental aberration—nothing more. But in insanity itself there is something deeply interesting, and, to the uninformed mind, awfully terrible and mysterious. It is a disease still invested in the East with a supernatural character, and linked by its nature and origin with the spiritual world.

Every one knows how largely spectral illusions enter into the phenomena of acute or violent mania, delirium tremens, and the like. The auditory illusions are more frequent in the milder forms; and sometimes in monomania the words uttered are received as communications from the Almighty. In cases of this kind the habits of thought of the individual very frequently suggest the words spoken. Instances of insanity are common "*in which*," Sir Henry Holland remarks, "*the patient is so strongly affected by imagined voices, as to produce on his part earnest or passionate rejoinder. I have known these delusions of hearing such, in a case of delirium tremens, that the patient held a long and angry colloquy with an imaginary person whom he supposed (there being no deception of sight) in an adjoining room. He allowed pauses to intervene, while his opponent might be presumed to be speaking; yet, amidst all this, answered, immediately and with correctness, every question put to himself.*" In another case of mental derangement, recorded in our author's notes, the patient held frequent and exciting



conversations, in which he sometimes professed to hear the answers given to him; at other times bore both parts himself, but in different tones of voice for each of the supposed parties engaged.

The purely cerebral origin of these illusions is well illustrated by another case detailed by Sir H. Holland, in which an aged gentleman experienced, on the third day after a fall, the singular *lusus* of two voices, seemingly close to the ear, in rapid dialogue, or rather repetition of phrases, unconnected with any event of present occurrence, and almost without meaning. The subject of this illusion described himself as being perfectly aware of its fallacious nature, but at the same time wholly unable to check or withdraw the perception of these voices, or to change the phrases they seemed to utter. There was no nervousness on his part, but rather amusement in the strangeness of the phenomenon, and the absurdity of the speeches to which he felt himself listening. When trying to read, similar voices seemed to accompany him, as if reading aloud; sometimes getting on a few words in advance, but not beyond what the eye might have reached; sometimes substituting totally different words; the whole having the effect of distinct speech from without, and being entirely beyond the control of the will.

What is the state of the cerebrum in sleep? There is no change in the structure, else the condition would not be evanescent. The change is in *function*, and in the function of the cells probably. We know well what drugs will induce the state that mimics sleep, and we know what injuries will have the same effect. If there be compression or pressure of the cerebral structure in sufficient degree, the individual is as motionless and unconscious as in the deepest slumber, and often snores as loudly. These are the "coma" and "stertor" of the apoplectic fit. There seems reason to think that the condition of the blood has some relation to sleep, for it is found that respiration of such an impure atmosphere as is caused by a crowded assembly or by numerous lights causes slumber. Then the cell-structures themselves—the structures in which all those vital changes go on which are correlative with the phenomena of life and consciousness—cannot perform their functions continuously and unremittingly and at the same time healthily. To the latter there is required such a period of rest from action as is necessary for proper nutrition; this being in fact the law with regard to the more mechanical organs, as the senses and the muscles. The access of healthy blood is no doubt requisite to healthy action, but the reparation of the waste undergone by the organ is necessary too. Sleep

then is the result of, at least, two converging series of phenomena.

The uses of sleep are well illustrated by Sir Benjamin Brodie:

"A gentleman of my acquaintance," he writes, "in whose family circumstances had occurred which were to him a source of intense anxiety, passed six days and nights without sleep. At the end of this time he became affected with illusions of such a nature that it was necessary to place him in confinement. After some time he recovered perfectly. He had never shown any signs of mental derangement before, nor had any one of his family, and he has never since been similarly affected."

This is manifestly an extreme case; but, in accordance with the law of continuity, all intermediate degrees of irregular mental action may be found under almost all varieties. The temper and disposition will be changed. Many a person who, under ordinary circumstances, is cheerful and unsuspecting, becomes not only irritable and peevish, but (as Sir B. Brodie remarks) also labors under actual though transitory delusions; such, for example, as thinking others neglect him, or affront him, who have not the smallest intention of doing either the one or the other.

Even spectral illusions will be induced, and in illustration Sir B. Brodie quotes his own experience. "I have sometimes, when I have been writing late at night, and much fatigued, so that I could scarcely fix my attention on the thing before me, feelings as if my head were almost too large to contain it." Excessive use of the brain, as in study, or excessive activity, as in emotional excitement, induces a condition not widely dissimilar from that which want of sleep induces; but when to this excessive use and activity there is superadded, as an effect, an incapacity for rest, a terrible catastrophe is surely impending, and happy is the man if judicious advice saves him his reason. There can be no question that cerebral exhaustion, whether it be the result of imperfect nutrition of the tissue, or imperfect aëration (as when a foul atmosphere is breathed for a lengthened period), or of sleeplessness, or of over-work, or of over-excitement from passions and emotions of a depressing character, is one of the most efficient, if not actually the preëminent, cause of drunkenness as well as insanity,—the feeling of exhaustion which is experienced being most relieved by alcoholic stimuli, and which, in truth, are craved instinctively, and therefore urgently.

One curious and singularly instructive illustration of these principles is given by Sir H. Holland, and is characteristic of his practical method of discussion. It is this: that the too frequent and earnest direction of the mind inwards upon itself—the con-

centration of the consciousness too long continued upon its own functions — is sufficient to produce a temporary derangement in minds already predisposed to the infirmity. Sir Henry Holland has known more than one instance of aberration of intellect which he had every reason to think had been thus produced. It is very probable that the analogous operation induced by "mesmerising" is, more frequently than is generally suspected, followed by similar results.

"On the Memory as affected by Age and Disease," is a chapter in Mental Physiology which includes some of the most curious phenomena which come under the notice of the physician. Perhaps no mental disorder is so conclusive of bodily derangement as loss of memory. Let the reader take the following illustrations from Sir H. Holland :

"A case of slight paralytic affection is at this time before me, where the perceptions from the senses are unimpaired; the memory of persons and events seemingly correct; the intelligence only slightly affected; the bodily functions, though feeble in power, not otherwise disordered; but where the memory of words for speech is so nearly gone, that only the single monosyllable 'yes' remains as the sole utterance of all that the patient desires to express. Even when a single negative is obviously intended, no other word is used. In another case of recent occurrence, where, in sequel to a paralytic attack two years before, the memory of words had been greatly confused and impaired, I found them all regained and brought into light except the pronouns, which were almost invariably displaced and substituted one for another. In a third case, where the patient, affected with hemiplegia at a very advanced age, passed into a state of low, rambling delirium a few days before his death, all that he uttered, whether in answer or otherwise, was in French, a language he had not been known to speak at any time for thirty years before. This continued until his utterance ceased to be intelligible altogether."

This latter phenomenon is amongst the most common, yet the most inexplicable, of the phenomena of memory. The tenacity of memory in the aged for facts and circumstances of early life, and the total inability to remember present circumstances from day to day, are matters of common observation. So also in the dying is seen this recollection of the days and scenes, and even ideas, of childhood and youth.

Sir Henry Holland passes in rapid review the various states, corporeal and mental, in which the memory fails. Amongst the most practically important of these is the failure of memory from undue exercise of the mind. The system which prematurely forces the youthful intellect is strongly and justly reprehended by our author.

"It is a fact, well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously, sometimes lastingly, injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. Whatever theory we hold as to this great function of our nature, it is certain that its powers are only gradually developed, and that if forced into premature exercise, they are impaired by the effort. This is a maxim indeed of general import, applying to the condition and culture of every faculty of body and mind; but singularly to the one we are now considering, which forms in one sense the foundation of intellectual life. A regulated exercise, short of actual fatigue, enlarges its capacity both as to reception and retention, and gives promptitude as well as clearness to its action. But we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument has been strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands."

Loss of memory is one of the earliest symptoms of incipient disease of the brain: perhaps it is the first trustworthy symptom. No man who has much intellectual labor, much mental anxiety, or who has in any way cause to think the brain has been overtasked or injured, should neglect this warning. It is a warning the more valuable because it is given at a time when rest and medical treatment can do much to remove the incipient disease. Being an early symptom, it necessarily follows that loss of memory accompanies numerous cerebral disorders. That change which is known as "softening" is specially characterized by loss of memory. "A certain vague wandering of the recollection often occurs as the first indication of the disease; whilst its progress is attended with increasing incapacity, either for receiving new impressions, or recalling and embracing those of earlier date. Paralytic diseases, frequent epileptic seizures, mania in many forms, are amongst the most common diseases in which the change in the memory is constant."

We cannot close our consideration of some of the more salient facts and principles of mental physiology without reference to that fertile source of knowledge which the instincts and habits of the lower animals afford. Many of the human mental conditions we have glanced at are seen also in them. They sleep, they dream, they become insane. They have also intermediate states between these. They have their variations in temper as man has. The horse will weep like his master, and the big tears course as rapidly down his cheeks from grief and pain. In *rabies* the mental character of the horse is wonderfully changed. If before the attack of the disease he had been naturally good-tempered and attached to his rider or his

groom, he will recognize his former friend and seek his carcases during the intervals between the paroxysms of fury, and he will bend on him one of those piteous, searching looks which once observed will never be forgotten. Mr. Youatt attended a horse in rabies, and remarks: "He would bend his gaze upon me, as if he would search me through and through, and would prevail on me, if I could, to relieve him from some dreadful evil by which he was threatened. He would then press his head against my bosom, and keep it there for a minute or more." Yet in the paroxysms this touching desire for sympathy and solace would change (and that almost instantaneously) into the most maddened fury, or else the most singular treachery. There is the desire for mischief for its own sake, and there is frequently the artful stratagem to allure the victim within his reach. Not a motion is made by the bystander of which the rapid horse is not conscious, nor does a person approach whom he does not recognize; but he labors under one all-absorbing feeling — an intense longing to devastate and destroy.

In common with all inquirers into mental physiology, the writers before us have discussed this great question of mind as displayed in the instincts and habits of animals; a subject on which much diversity of opinion exists. While fully admitting the fact that the operations of intelligence in lower animals are the same *in kind* as those of man; and, farther, that the instincts of man, where we can truly distinguish them, are the same in principle of operation as those of other animals, Sir H. Holland nevertheless adds, that "we can adopt no definition of instinct and reason which does not indicate their separate nature." On the other hand, Sir Benjamin Brodie is "inclined to believe that the minds of the inferior animals are essentially of the same nature with that of the human race, and that of those various and ever-changing conditions of it, which we term the mental faculties, there are none of which we may not discover traces more or less distinct in other creatures." Now facts are abundant; for, as Sir Henry Holland comprehensively remarks,

"Wherever there is organization, even under the simplest form, there we are sure to find instinctive action, more or less in amount, destined to give the appropriate effect to it. This is true throughout every part of the animal series, from man and the quadrumana down to the lowest form of infusorial life. When we consider how vast this scale is — crowded with more than a hundred thousand recognized species, exclusively of those which fossil geology has disclosed to us — we may be well amazed by this profuse variety of instinctive action; as mul-

tiplied in kind as are the organic forms with which it is associated, and all derived from one common Power."

This great generalization includes another; and that is, the community of function of the ultimate constituents of all these organized beings, in so far as they can be determined. These constituents are microscopically minute hollow spheres of various forms, — oblate, discoid, ovoid, spheroid, — containing small granular bodies termed nuclei. Such, and no other, is that primordial cell from which the perfect organism, whether it be animal or vegetable, is evolved, and within which operates that unconsciously acting principle of vitality which from so minute and almost formless an atom of matter, works out the entire mechanism of the frame in all its parts; so that, finally, beauty, fitness, and an admirable working to beneficent ends, is the result. Within the narrow walls of that hollow spheroidal atom is contained, potentially, the whole scheme not only of the future physical life, but also of those instincts, faculties, and peculiarities which are transmitted hereditarily from parent to offspring. If these, then (and many not mentioned), be the wondrous endowments of these solitary primordial cells, what may we not predicate as to those masses of cells which constitute the effective portion of the brain and nervous system, and which the Great Artificer has predetermined to be the organ of that intelligence which He created in His likeness? Nothing we have said as to their probable functions approaches, we believe, in any degree to the reality. All is only a dim foreshadowing of truths as to the mutual action of mind and matter yet to be discovered.

It is not difficult to say what are the merits and demerits of the works before us. That of Sir B. Brodie is professedly unsystematic. It is essentially a popular work, intended for beginners in the study of mental physiology; and its popularity is manifested by the demand for a third edition. The chapters of Sir H. Holland (as the reader will have seen) take a wider scope, and require more careful reading and more deliberate thought. What will disappoint the popular or hasty reader is one of the great merits of the work; namely, the spirit of cautious inquiry and induction which pervades it, and which leaves certain questions in doubt and unsolved simply because they are, in our present state of knowledge, incapable of solution. "Persuaded of the truth of the maxim, that it is generally shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge than from error," Sir Henry remarks, "I have never scrupled to note what I think doubtful or deficient in evidence."

We think Sir Henry Holland has done well to separate the chapters on Mental Physiology from the contributions to practical medicine with which they were commingled in the first and second editions of his "Medical Notes and Reflections." Both are thus improved, as is seen in the third edition of the latter, just published. We need hardly say that these notes and reflections manifest that application of a philosophical method to Medical Art, which the former work offers in reference to Psychology. In all the essays contained in the volume, Sir Henry has successfully endeavored to avoid mere technicalities, and to place in the clearest form those principles of thought, observation, and conduct, which may most conduce to the progress of medicine, and the honor and usefulness of

those who profess it. In discussing the phenomena of sensation, and the philosophy of sensation derived from them, Sir Henry Holland has never overstrained his own scientific experience, or confounded the physiological truths which lie within the province of the physician, with the proper objects of psychology and the operations of the Reason. Therefore the experience of nearly forty years spent in the honorable service of science and humanity justifies his conclusions; and the volumes of "Medical Notes and Reflections" and of "Physiological Inquiries" before us are examples to be followed by men who have similar opportunities and powers of observation, since they are valuable contributions to our literature and to our knowledge of body and mind.

FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN NEW ENGLAND. — Stephen Daye appears to have been the original typographer to the Pilgrim Fathers, and figures as "Printer to the College of Cambridge" from 1639 to 1649; thirteen pieces being traceable to him between the above dates, and among the number two editions of the Metrical Psalms. This I learn from Timperley, whose authority was likely Thomas' *History of Printing in America*, two vols. 8vo. 1810. The earliest date claimed for the first impression of the Psalms being 1640 (not, as stated by Mr. Francis, 1646), it follows that if there are specimens from Daye's press of 1639, their *Old Psalter* is not the first book printed in America. Mr. Holland (*Psalms of Britain*, 1843), quoting from Mr. Prince, who revised the old American version in 1757, says that the settlers "early set to work to procure themselves a metrical translation of the Psalms, and other Scripture Songs, into their mother tongue," which was executed by the Rev. R. Mather, T. Weld, and T. Eliot, printed by Daye in 1640, "and had," adds this respectable authority, without any qualification, "the honor of being the first book printed in North America." Independent of the question of priority, the American Psalm-Book is an interesting subject, and its history one which we ought to know something more of. With the many versions our own Nonconformists had to choose from, it appears that this Transatlantic one suited their taste; and in confirmation that it was in use among them in Baxter's time, we find that "The Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs of the O. and N. Testament, for the use of New England," was printed at London by R. Chiswell, 1694. The original edition of 1640 is so rare a book, that it is said Thomas could find but one copy, and that without the title; and it is added by Timperley, that a perfect one exists in the Bodleian Library.

The only specimen of the book which has fallen into my hands is a small octavo, in which the "Psalms, Hymns," &c., are set forth as

being "Faithfully translated into English Metre. For the Use, Edification, and Comfort of the Saints in Publick and Private, especially in N. England. Boston, printed by D. Henchman over against the Brick Meeting House in Cornhill, 1730 (twenty-third edition)," having a short address "To the Godly Reader" on the back of the title. — *Notes and Queries*.

UNLUCKY DAYS. — The following list of the "evil days in each month" is translated from the original Latin verses in the old *Sarum Missal*:

- January. Of this first month, the opening day  
And seventh like a sword will slay.
- February. The fourth day bringeth down to death,  
The third will stop a strong man's breath.
- March. The first the greedy glutton slays,  
The fourth cuts short the drunkard's days.
- April. The tenth and the eleventh, too,  
Are ready death's fell work to do.
- May. The third to slay poor man hath power,  
The seventh destroyeth in an hour.
- June. The tenth a pallid visage shows,  
No faith nor truce the fifteenth knows.
- July. The thirteenth is a fatal day,  
The tenth alike will mortals slay.
- August. The first kills strong ones at a blow,  
The second lays a cohort low.
- September. The third day of the month September,  
And tenth, bring evil to each member.
- October. The third and tenth, with poison'd breath,  
To man are foes as foul as death.
- November. The fifth bears scorpion sting of deadly pain,  
The third is tinctured with destruction's train.
- December. The seventh's a fatal day to human life,  
The tenth is with a serpent's venom rife.

CURIOSITIES OF TRANSLATION. — In the original French translation of *Guy Mannering*, the "prodigious Dominie" is called "un ministre assassin," a literal rendering of the "stickin minister:" and again, in the same novel, when Dandie Dinmont is told that "it has just chappit aucht on the Tron," the translator has rendered it, "il est huit heures, et le roi est sur son trône!"



## THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Deut. 34: 6.*

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab  
There lies a lonely grave.  
And no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er;  
For the angels of God upturned the sod,  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth,  
But no man heard the trampling  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves;  
So, without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,  
On gray Bethpeor's height,  
Out of his rocky eyrie  
Looked on the wondrous sight.  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallow'd spot:  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow the funeral car.  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honor'd place  
With costly marble drest.  
In the great minster transept,  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along th' emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted Poet  
That ever breath'd a word;

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And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
The hill-side for his pall,  
To lie in state while angels wait  
With stars for tapers tall,  
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand in that lonely land  
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again, most wondrous thought!  
Before the Judgment Day;  
And stand with glory wrapped around  
On the hills he never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,  
O dark Bethpeor's hill,  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath his mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep like the secret sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

— *Dublin University Magazine.*

## SUDDEN THOUGHTS.

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

To me, here sitting thoughtful, neither glad  
Nor very sorrowful, a little sad,  
But, as the world goes, not so much amiss,  
A sudden recollection comes — of this:  
Of going up a sunny gravel walk,  
I and a playfellow, in serious talk.  
I can recall even what we spake about,  
The thoughts within as well as things without;  
The vernal fields, the blue above the screen —  
That blossom'd boundary of various green,  
Where May and Lilac, all sweet odors born  
Of rain and sun exhaled that showery morn —  
The house before us whither we did go,  
With flower-beds, and creepers that still blow  
About the pillars of its portico.

Why is my soul by these clear visions crost  
Of time and sunshine lost, forever lost?  
Of thee, my childhood's playmate, still my  
friend,  
One thought of whom a thousand thoughts  
attend —  
Thoughts of the rainy days of after-time,  
Following that golden weather of our prime;  
A little cloud that speck'd the horizon rim —  
And Womanhood came up, how swift and dim!  
— *Ladies' Companion.*

From the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine.  
FRANK'S SEALED LETTER.

EVER since I can remember, even when I was quite a child, people have always told me that I had no perseverance, no strength of will; they have always kept on saying to me, directly and indirectly, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel;" and they have always been quite wrong in this matter, for of all men I ever heard of, I have the strongest will for good and evil. I could soon find out whether a thing were possible or not to me; then if it were not, I threw it away forever, never thought of it again, no regret, no longing for that, it was past, and over to me; but if it were possible, and I made up my mind to do it, then and there I began it, and in due time finished it, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, till it was done. So I did with all things that I set my hand to.

Love only, and the wild restless passions that went with it, were too strong for me, and they bent my strong will, so that people think me now a weak man, with no end to make for in the purposeless wanderings of my life.

Yes, my life is purposeless now. I have failed, I know, but I know that I have fought too; I know the weary struggle from day to day, in which, with my loins girded, and my muscles all a-strain, I have fought, while years and years have passed away. I know what they do not, how that Passion trembled in my grasp, shook, staggered: how I grew stronger and stronger; till when, as I stood at last quivering with collected force, the light of victory across my lips and brow, God's hand struck me, and I fell at once, and without remedy; and am now a vanquished man; and really without any object in life, not desiring death any more than life, or life any more than death; a vanquished man, though no coward; forlorn, hopeless, unloved, living now altogether in the past.

I will tell you how I fell, and then I pray you all to pity me, and if you can, love me, and pray for me that I may be forgiven.

I said, when I left her that day, that I would forget her, look upon her as if she had never been; coming and going to and from that house, indeed, seeing her often, talking to her, as to any other friendly and accomplished lady; but seeing Mabel, my Mabel, that had been, no more. She was dead;

and the twenty years that I had lived with her, man and boy, and little child, were gone—dead too, and forgotten. No shadow of them should rest upon my path, I said. Meantime the world wanted help; I was strong and willing, and would help it. I saw all about me men without a leader, looking and yearning for one to come and help them. I would be that leader, I said; there was no reason for me to be bitter and misanthropical, for I could forget the past utterly, could be another man, in short. Why! I never loved that woman there, with her heavy, sweeping, black hair, and dreamily-passionate eyes; that was some one past away long ago. Who knows when he lived! but I am the man that knows, that feels all poetry and art, that can create, that can sympathize with every man and woman that ever lived—even with that cold, proud woman there, without a heart, but with heavy, sweeping hair, and great dreamily-passionate eyes, which might cause a weak man to love her.

Yes, I said so when I left her—nay, even before I left her, for in my agonized pleading I had said words that made her cold, selfish blood run quick enough to speak scornful things to me. "Mabel!" I said, "Mabel! think awhile before you turn from me forever! Am I not good enough for you? Yet tell me, I pray you, for God's sake, what you would have me do! what you would have me make myself, and I will do that thing, make myself such, whatever it is. Think how long I have worshipped you, looked on all the world through your eyes. I loved you as soon as I saw you, even when I was a child, before I had reason almost: and my love and my reason have grown together, till now. O! Mabel, think of the things we have talked of together, thought of together! Will you ever find another man who thinks the same as you do in everything? Nay, but you must love me. Such letters you have written me, too! O! Mabel, Mabel, I know God will never let love like mine go unrequited. You love me, I know. I am sure of it; you are trying me only; let it be enough now, my own Mabel, the only one that loves me. See, do not let I love you enough?"

I fell there before her feet. I caught the hem of her garment. I buried my face in its folds; madly I strove to convince myself that she was but trying me, that she could

not speak for her deep love, that it was a dream only. O! how I tried to wake, to find myself, with my heart beating wildly, and the black night round me, lying on my bed, as often, when a child, I used to wake from a dream of lions, and robbers, and ugly deaths, and the devil, to find myself in the dear room, though it was dark, my heart bounding with the fear of pursuit and joy of escape.

But no dream breaks now, desperate, desperate, earnest. The dreams have closed round me, and become the dimmest reality, as I often used to fear those other dreams might; the walls of this fact are closed round about me now like the sides of an iron chest, hurrying on down some swift river, with the black water above, to the measureless rolling sea. I shall never any more wake to anything but that.

For listen to what she said, you who are happy lovers. Can you believe it? I can scarce do so myself. I, not looking up from where I lay, felt her lips curl into a cruel smile, as she drew herself from my grasp, and said:

"Listen, Hugh. I call you 'Hugh,' by the way, not because I am fond of you, but because surnames never seemed to me to express anything; they are quite meaningless. Hugh, I never loved you, never shall, nay, something more. I am not quite sure that I do not hate you, for coming to claim me as a right in this way, and appealing to God against me. Who gave you any right to be lord over me and question my heart? Why, for this long time I have seen that you would claim me at last, and your 'love,' which I now cast from me forever, and trample upon, so—so,—your 'love,' I say, has been a bitterly heavy burden to me, dogging me up and down, everywhere. You think my thoughts? Yes, verily, you who think yourself the teacher of such an one as I am, have few thoughts of your own to think. What do I want better than you? Why, I want a man who is brave and beautiful. You are a coward and a cripple. Am I trying you? No, Hugh; there is no need for that. I think I know you well enough; weak and irresolute, you will never do anything great. I must marry a great man—

"White honor shall be like a plaything to him,  
Borne lightly, a pet falcon on his wrist;  
One who can feel the very pulse o' the time,

Instant to act, to plunge into the strife,  
And with a strong arm hold the rearing world."

But before she had begun to quote, my life had changed. While I lay there, in I know not what agony, that which I have just said came suddenly across me. I became calm all at once. I began to bend my passion beneath my strong will; the fight I fought so bravely had begun.

I rose up quietly before she began to quote, and when she saw me standing there, so calmly, ay, and looking so brave too, though I was a "cripple and a coward," she quailed before me, her voice fell, even in the midst of her scornful speech; then I thought, "So cool, and can quote pretty verses at such a time. O! but my revenge is good, and sure too, it is almost as if I killed her, stabbed her to the heart, here in this room." Then my heart grew quite obedient, and my purpose began to work, so that I could speak with no shadow of passion in my words, and with no forced unnatural calm either. I could seem, and for years and years did seem, to be no hard cold man of the world, no mere calculating machine for gauging God's earth by modern science; but a kindly genial man: though so full of knowledge, yet having room for love too, and enthusiasm, and faith. Ah! they who saw me as such did not see the fight, did not see that bitter passage in the room of the old house at Riston, where the river widens.

I stood there silent for a very short time; then, raising my eyes to hers, said: "Well, Mabel, I shall go up to London, and see the publishers, and perhaps stay there a day or two, so that I shall probably be back again at Casley by Tuesday; and I dare say I shall find time to walk over to Riston on Wednesday or Thursday, to tell you what we have determined on—good-bye." She trembled, and turned pale, as I gave her my hand, and said, "Good-bye," in a forced tone, that was in strong contrast to my natural-seeming calmness. She was frightened of me, then, already. Good.

So I walked away from Riston to my own house at Casley (which was about two miles from Riston), and got ready to start for London; then, about an hour after I had parted from her, set out again across the fields to the railway, that was five miles from my house. It was on the afternoon of a lovely spring

day; I took a book with me, a volume of poems just published, and my dead friend's manuscript; for my purpose in going to London was to see to its publication.

Then, looking at that over which so many years of toil and agony of striving had been spent, I thought of him who wrote it; thought how admirable he was, how that glorious calm purpose of his shone through all his restless energy. I thought, too, as I had never done before, of the many, many ways he had helped me, and my eyes filled with tears, as I remembered remorsefully the slight return I had given him for his affection, my forgetfulness of him in the years when I was happy. I thought of his quiet, successful love, and that sweet wife of his, the poor widow that was now; who lived at Florence, watching the shadows come and go on her husband's tomb, the rain that washed it, the sun and moon that shone on it; then how he had died at Florence, and of the short letter he had written to me, or rather that had been written, just before his death, by his wife, from his dictation, and stained with the many tears of the poor heart-broken lady. Those farewell words that threw but a slight shadow over the happy days when I loved Mabel, had more weight now, both for sorrow and consolation; for the thought that that dead man cared for me surely did me good, made me think more of the unseen world, less of the terrible earth-world that seemed all going wrong, and which the unseen was slowly righting.

I had the letter with me at that very time. I had taken it out with the manuscript, and together with that, another, a sealed letter that came with it, and which, according to the dying man's wish, I had never yet opened. I took out both the letters, and turning aside from the path, sat down under a willow by the side of the river, a willow just growing gray-green with the spring. And there, to the music of the west wind through the slim boughs, to the very faint music of the river's flow, I read the two letters, and first the one I had read before.

"Dear friend, I am going the last journey, and I wish to say farewell before I go. My wife's tears fall fast, as she writes, and I am sorry to go, though, I think, not afraid to die. Two things I want to say to you: the first and least has to do with my writings; I do not wish them to perish; you know I

wrote, thinking I might do some one good; will you see about this for me? Do you know, Hugh, I never cared for any man so much as for you: there was something which drew me to you wonderfully; it used to trouble me sometimes to think you scarcely cared for me so much; but only sometimes, for I saw that you knew this, and tried to love me more; it was not your fault that you could not; God bless you for the trying even! When you see my wife, be kind to her; we have had happy talk about you often, thinking what a great man you ought to be. Yet one thing more. I send you with this a sealed enclosure. On the day that you are married to Mabel, or on the day that she dies, still loving you, burn this unopened; but O friend, if such a misfortune happen to you as I scarce dare hint at even, then open it, and read it, for the sake of FRANK."

Then I remembered, sadly, how when I read this, I was angry at first, even with the dead man, for his suspicion; only when I thought of him dying, and how loving he was, my anger quickly sunk into regret for him; not deep anguish but quiet regret. Ah! what a long time it was since I loved Mabel! how I had conquered my raging passion! Frank will surely applaud my resolution. Dear heart! how wise he was in his loving simplicity.

I looked at the sealed letter; it also was directed in his wife's handwriting; I broke the seal, and saw Frank's writing there; it was written, therefore, some time before his death.

How solemn the wind was through the willow boughs, how solemn the faint sound of the swirls of the lowland river! I read:

"O Hugh, Hugh! poor wounded heart! I saw it all along, that she was not worthy of that heart stored up with so much love. I do not ask for that love, dear friend; I know you cannot give it me; I was never jealous of her; and I know, moreover, that your love for her will not be wasted. I think, for my part, that there is One who gathers up all such wandering love, and keeps it for Himself; think, Hugh, of those many weary hours on the Cross; in that way did they requite His love then, and how do we requite it now? Should He not then sympathize with all those whose love is not returned?"

"And, Hugh, sweet friend, I pray you, for Christ's love, never strive to forget the



love you bore her in the days when you thought her noble, the noblest of all things; never cast away the gift of memory; never cast it away for your ease, never even for the better serving of God; He will help Himself, and does not want mere deeds; you are weak, and love cannot live without memory. O! Hugh! if you do as I pray you, this remembered love will be a very bright crown to you up in Heaven; meantime, may it not be that your love for others will grow, that you will love all men more, and me perhaps, even much more! And I, though I never see you again in the body till the Day of Doom, will nevertheless be near you in spirit, to comfort you somewhat through the days of your toiling on earth; and now, Frank prays God to bless poor wounded Hugh!"

I ceased reading; a dull pain came about my forehead and eyes. What! must I be all alone in my struggle with passion? not even Frank to help me! dear fellow! to think how fond he was of me! I am very, very sorry he cannot be with me in this fight; for I must kill her utterly in my memory, and I think, if he knew all,—how very noble I thought her, how altogether base she really is,—he would be with me after all. Yet, Frank, though I do not do this that you pray me to do, you shall still be my friend, will you not? you shall help me to become more like you, if that is possible in any degree.

So, I determined to forget her; and was I not successful, at first! ah! and for long too! nevertheless, alas! alas! Frank's memory faded with her memory, and I did not feel his spirit by me often, only sometimes, and those were my weakest times, when I was least fit to have him by me; for then my purpose would give in somewhat, and memory would come to me, not clear and distinct, but only as a dull pain about my eyes and forehead; but my strong will could banish that, for I had much work to do, trying to help my fellow-men, with all my heart I thought. I threw myself heart and soul into that work, and joy grew up in my soul; and I was proud to think that she had not exhausted the world for me.

Nor did I shrink once from the sight of her, but came often, and saw her at her father's house at Riston, that the broadening

river flows by always; nay, I sat at her wedding, and saw her go up to the altar with firm step, and heard her say her part in the unflinching music of her rich voice, wherein was neither doubt nor love; and there I prayed that the brave noble-hearted soldier, her husband, might be happy with her, feeling no jealousy of him, pitying him rather; for I did not think that it was in her nature to love any one but herself thoroughly. Yet, what a queen she looked on that marriage-day! her black hair crowning her so, her great deep eyes looking so full of all slumbering passion as of old, her full lips underneath, whence the music came; and, as she walked there between the gray walls of that Abbey where they were married, the light fell on her through the jewel-like windows, coloring strangely the white and gold of her gorgeous robes. She also seemed, or wished to seem, to have forgotten that spring-day at Riston. at least, she spoke to me when she went away quite kindly, and very calmly; "Good-bye, Hugh, we hear of you already; you will be a great man soon, and a good man you always were, and always will be; and we shall think of you often, and always with pleasure."

Yet I knew she hated me; O! her hollow heart! The dull pain came about my forehead and eyes; somehow I could not keep up the farce just then. I spoke bitterly, a smile that I know now I should not have smiled, curling my lip. "Well done, Mabel! it is a nicely composed parting speech to an old friend; but you were always good at that kind of thing. Forget you?—no—you are too handsome for that; and if I were a painter or sculptor, I would paint you or carve you from memory. As it is, I never forget beautiful faces—good-bye:" and I turned away from her a little without giving my hand. She grew pale at first, then flushed bright crimson, like a stormy sky, and turned from me with a scornful devil's glance.

She was gone, and a sharp pang of memory shot through me for a single instant, a warning of my fall which was to be. For a single instant I saw her sitting there, as of old, in the garden hard by the river, under the gold-dropping laburnums, heard her for a single instant singing wildly in her magnificent voice, as of old:

"Wearily, drearily,  
Half the day long,  
Flap the great banners  
High over the stone;  
Strangely and eerily  
Sounds the wind's song,  
Bending the banner-poles.

"While, all alone,  
Watching the loophole's spark,  
Lie I, with life all dark,  
Feet tether'd, hands fetter'd  
Fast to the stone,  
The grim walls, square letter'd,  
With prison'd men groan.

"Still strain the banner-poles  
Through the wind's song,  
Westward the banner rolls  
Over my wrong."

But it was gone directly, that pang; everything, voice, face, and all: like the topmost twigs of some great tree-limb, that, as it rolls round and round, grinding the gravel and mud at the bottom of a flooded river, shows doubtfully for a second, flashing wet in the February sunlight, then, sinking straightway, goes rolling on toward the sea, in the swift steady flow of the flooded river; yet it appears again often, till it is washed ashore at last, who knows where or when?

But for me, these pangs of memory did not come often; nay, they came less and less frequently for long, till at last, in full triumph, as I thought it, I fell.

That marriage-day was more than two years after the day in April that I have told you of, when I read the sealed letter; then, or three years after her marriage, I went on working, famous now, with many who almost worshipped me, for the words I had said, the many things I had taught them; and I, in return, verily loved these earnestly; yet round about me clung some shadow that was not the mere dulled memory of what had been, and it deepened sometimes in my drearier moods into fearful doubts that this last five years of my life had been, after all, a mistake, a miserable failure; yet, still I had too much to do to go on doubting for long; so these shadowy doubts had to hold back till, though I knew it not, a whole army of them was marching upon me in my fancied security.

Well, it was spring-time, just about five years from that day; I was living in London, and for the last few months had been working very hard indeed, writing and reading all day long and every day, often all night long

also, and in those nights the hours would pass so quickly that the time between night-fall and dawn scarcely seemed ten minutes long. So I worked, worked so hard, that one day, one morning early, when I saw through my window, on waking about six o'clock, how blue the sky was, even above the London roofs, and remembered how, in the fields all about, it was the cowslip time of the year, I said to myself, "No work to-day; I will make holiday for once in the sweet spring-time; I will take a book with some tale in it, go into the country, and read it there, not striving particularly to remember it, but enjoying myself only." And, as I said this, my heart beat with joy, like a boy's at thought of holiday. So I got up, and as I was dressing, I took up a volume of Shakspeare, and opened it at Troilus and Cressida, and read a line or two just at the place where the parting comes; it almost brought the tears to my eyes. "How soft-hearted I am this morning," I said; "yet I will take this, and read it; it is quite a long time since I read any Shakspeare, and, I think, years and years since I have read Troilus and Cressida." Yes, I was soft-hearted that morning, and when I looked in the glass and saw my puny deformed figure there, and my sallow thin face, eaten into many furrows by those five years, those furrows that gave a strange grotesque piteousness to the ugly features, I smiled at first, then almost wept for self-pity; the tears were in my eyes again; but I thought, "I will not spoil my holiday," and so forbore; then I went out into the streets, with a certain kind of light-heartedness, which I knew might turn any moment into very deep sadness. The bells of a church, that I passed in my way Essex-ward, were ringing, and their music struck upon my heart so, that I walked the faster to get beyond their sound.

I was in the country soon: people called it an ugly country, I knew, that spreading of the broad marsh lands round the river Lea; but I was so weary with my hard work that it seemed very lovely to me then; indeed, I think I should not have despised it at any time. I was always a lover of the sad lowland country. I walked on, my mind keeping up a strange balance between joy and sadness for some time, till gradually all the beauty of things seemed to be stealing into my heart, and making me very soft and wo-

manish, so that, at last, when I was now quite a long way off from the river Lea, and walking close by the side of another little river, a mere brook, all my heart was filled with sadness, and joy had no place there at all; all the songs of birds ringing through the hedges, and about the willows; all the sweet colors of the sky, and the clouds that floated in the blue of it; of the tender fresh grass, and the sweet young shoots of flowering things, were very pensive to me, pleasantly so at first perhaps, but soon they were lying heavy on me, with all the rest of things created; for, within my heart rose memory, green and fresh as the young spring leaves. Ah! such thoughts of the old times came about me thronging that they almost made me faint. I tried hard to shake them off; I noticed every turn of the banks of the little brook, every ripple of its waters over the brown stones, every line of the broad-leaved waterflowers; I went down to the brook, and, stooping down, gathered a knot of lush marsh-marigolds; then, kneeling on both knees, bent over the water with my arm stretched down to it, till both my hand and the yellow flowers were making the swift-running little stream bubble about them; and, even as I did so, still stronger and stronger came the memories, till they came quite clear at last, those shapes and words of the past days. I rose from the water in haste, and, getting on the road again, walked along tremblingly, my head bent toward the earth, my wet hand and flowers marking the dust of it as I went. Ah! what was it all, that picture of the old past days?

I see a little girl sitting on the grass, beneath the limes in the hot summer-tide, with eyes fixed on the far away blue hills, and seeing who knows what shapes there; for the boy by her side is reading to her wondrous stories of knight and lady, and fairy thing, that lived in the ancient days; his voice trembles as he reads:

"And so Sir Isumbras, when he had slain the giant, out off his head, and came to the town where the lady Alicia lived, bringing with him that grim thing, the giant's head, and the people pressed all about him at the gate, and brought him to the king, and all the court was there, and the whole palace blazed with gold and jewels. So there, among the ladies, was the Lady Alicia,

clothed in black, because she thought that through her evil pride she had caused the death of the good knight and true, who loved her; and when she saw Sir Isumbras with the head of the giant, even before the king, and all, she gave a great cry, and ran before all, and threw her arms round about him." — "Go on, Hugh," says the little girl, still looking into the blue distance, "why do you stop?" — "I was—I was looking at the picture, Mabel," says the boy. — "O! is there a picture of that? let's see it;" and her eyes turn towards him at last. What a very beautiful child she is! "Not exactly of that," says Hugh, blushing as their eyes meet, and, when she looks away for a second, drawing his hand across his eyes, for he is soft-hearted, "not exactly of that, but afterwards, where she crowns him at the tournament; here it is." — "O! that is pretty, though; Hugh, I say, Hugh!" — "Yes," says Hugh. — "Go and get me some of the forget-me-not down by the brook there, and some of the pretty white star-shaped flower; I'll crown you too." Off runs Hugh, directly, carrying the book with him. "Stop, don't lose the place, Hugh; here, give me the book." Back he goes, then starts again in a great hurry; the flowers are not easy to get, but they are got somehow; for Hugh, though deformed, is yet tolerably active, and for her. So, when the flowers come, she weaves them into a crown, blue flowers golden-hearted, and white ones star-shaped, with the green leaves between them.

Then she makes him kneel down, and, looking at the picture in the fairy story-book, places him this way and that, with her smooth brows knit into a puzzled frown; at last she says, "It won't do somehow; I can't make it out. I say, Hugh," she blurts out at last, "I tell you what, it won't do; you are too ugly." — "Never mind, Mabel," he says; "shall I go on reading again?" — "Yes, you may go on." Then she sits down; and again her eyes are fixed on the far-away blue hills, and Hugh is by her, reading again, only stumbling sometimes, seemingly not so much interested as he was before.

"Poor Hugh!" I said out loud, for, strangely, the thing was so strong that it had almost wrought its own cure; and I found myself looking at my old self, and at her, as at people in a story; yet I was stunned

as it were, and knew well that I was incapable of resistance against that memory now. Yes, I knew well what was coming.

I had by this time left the brook, and gone through a little village on the hill above, and on the other side of it; then turned to my right into the forest, that was all about, the quaint hornbeam forest. There, sitting down, I took out the Troilus and Cressida I had brought with me, and began to read, saying to myself (though I did not believe it) that I would cast those memories quite away from me, be triumphantly victorious over them.

Yes, there under the hornbeams I read Troilus and Cressida, the play with the two disappointments in it, Hector dead, and Cressida unfaithful; Troy and Troilus undone. And when I had finished, I thought no more of Troilus and Cressida, or of any one else in the wide world but Mabel.

"O Mabel!" I said, burying my face in the grass as I had before, long ago, in her long robes: "O Mabel! could you not have loved me? I would have loved you more than any woman was ever loved. Or if you could not love me, why did you speak as you did on that day? I thought you so much above me, Mabel; and yet I could not have spoken so to any one. O Mabel! how will it be between us when we are dead? O Lord! help me, help me! Is it coming over again?"

For as I lay there, I saw again, as clearly as years ago, the room in the old house at Riston, at the noontide of the warm sunny spring weather. The black oak panelling, carved so quaintly, all round the room, whereon, in the space of sunlight that, pouring through the window, lit up the shadowed wall, danced the shadows of the young lime-leaves; the great bay window, with its shattered stone mullions, round which the creepers clung; the rustling of the hard magnolia leaves in the fresh blast of the west wind; the garden, with its clusters of joyous golden daffodils under the acacia-trees, seen through the open window; and beyond that, rolling and flashing in the sun, between its long lines of willows and poplars, the mighty lowland river going to the sea.

And she sat there by the fire-place, where there was no fire burning now. She sat by the cold hearth, with her back to the window, her long hands laid on her knees, bending forward a little, as if she were striving

to look through and through something that was far off—there she sat, with her heavy, rolling, purple hair, like a queen's crown above her white temples, with her great alumbrously-passionate eyes, and her full lips underneath, whence the music came. Except that the wind moved a little some of the folds of her dress, she was as motionless and quiet as an old Egyptian statue, sitting out its many thousand years of utter rest, that it may the better ponder on its own greatness; more lifelessly far she looked than any one of the gray saints, that hang through rain, and wind, and sunshine, in the porches of the Abbey which looks down on the low river waves.

And there was one watched her from near the door, a man with long arms, crooked shoulders, and pale, ugly-featured face, looking out from long, lank, black hair. Yes, his face is pale always; but now it is much paler than usual, as pale almost as the face of a dead man; you can almost hear his heart beat as he stands there; the cold sweat gathers on his brow. Presently he moves towards the lady; he stands before her with one hand raised and resting on the mantel-shelf. You can see his arm trembling as he does this; he stands so while you might count twenty, she never looking up the while. Then, half-choking, he says, "Mabel, I want to speak to you, if you please, for a moment;" and she looks round with a calm, unconcerned look at first; but presently a scornful smile begins to flicker about the corners of her mouth. Then that pale man says, "Ah! I have told you all the rest before;" for he knew the meaning of the flickering smile—and that was five years ago.

And I shall never forget it while I live—never forget those words of hers—never forget a single line of her beautiful, cruel face, as she stood there five years ago. All the world may go by me now; I care not. I cannot work any more. I think I must have had some purpose in coming here; but I forget what it was. I will go back to London, and see if I can remember when I got there—so that day under the hornbeam trees I fell from my steady purpose of five years. I was vanquished then, once and forever; there was no more fighting for me any more.

And have I ever forgotten it—that day, and the words she spoke? No, not for one moment. I have lived three years since then



of bitter anguish. Every moment of that time has been utter pain and woe to me, that is what my life has been these three years. And what death may be like I cannot tell; I dare not even think, for fear.

And I have fled from the world; no one of all my worshippers knows what has become of me, and the people with whom I live now, call me a man without a purpose, without a will.

Yes, I wonder what death would be like. The Eure is deep at Louviers I know—deep, and runs very swiftly towards the Seine, past the cloth mills.

\* \* \* \* \*

Louviers! Louviers! What am I saying! Where am I! O Christ! I hold the sealed letter—Frank's sealed letter, in my hand, the seal just broken. Five years! Eight years! It was but two hours ago that my head lay before her feet; yet I seem to have lived those eight years. Then I have not been famous; have not forgotten; never sat under the hornbeams by Chigwell; and she is sitting there, still, perhaps, in that same oak room.

How strange it is, fearfully strange, yet true; for here is Frank's letter; here is his manuscript, the ink on it, brown through the years of toil and longing. There close by my side the great river is going to the sea,

and the wind goes softly through the willow-boughs this sunny spring afternoon.

And now what shall I do! I know my will is strong, though I failed so in that dream I have awoke from. I know too, "That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." Shall I wear this crown then while I live on earth, or forget, and be brave and strong? Ah! it must be a grand thing to be crowned; and if it cannot be with gold and jewels, or better still, with the river flowers, then must it be with thorns. Shall I wear this or cast it from me? I hear the wind going through the willow-boughs; it seems to have a message for me.

"Good and true, faithful and brave, loving always, and crowned with all wisdom in the days gone by. He was all this, and more. Trust your friend, Hugh—your friend who loved you so, though you hardly knew it; wear the crown of memory." Yes, I will wear it; and, O friend! you who sent me this dream of good and evil, help me, I pray you, for I know how bitter it will be. Yes, I will wear it; and then, though never forgetting Mabel, and the things that have been, I may be happy at some time or another.

Yet I cannot see now how that can ever come to pass.

O Mabel! if you could only have loved me.

"Lord, keep my memory green."

RE-MARRIAGE OF PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN SEPARATED. — As the following is in Brayley's *Surrey*, it will be no novelty to some of your readers, though perhaps it will be so to the majority. My motive in transcribing it for you, is to ascertain whether there is any reason to suppose that *at the period in question* (1604), it was customary in other places to re-marry persons who had been long separated *in the same formal manner* as at Bermondsey, the clergyman of the parish being present, and the re-marriage being entered in the register. This is the entry in the register, at St. Mary's Church, Bermondsey:

"The forme of a solemne vowe made betwixt a man and his wife, having been longe absent, through which occasion the woman beinge married to another man, tooke her againe as followeth:

"*The Man's Speech.* — 'Elizabeth, my beloved Wife, I am right sorie that I have so longe absented myselve from thee, whereby thou shouldest be occasioned to take another man to be thy husband. Therefore, I do now vowe and promise in the sighte of God, and this companie, to take thee againe as mine owne, and will not

only forgive thee, but also dwell with thee, and do all other duties unto thee, as I promised at our marriage.'

"*The Woman's Speech.* — 'Ralphie, my beloved Husband, I am right sorie that I have in thy absense taken another man to be my husband; but here, before God and this companie, I renounce and forsake him, and do promise to keepe myselve only unto thee during life, and to performe all duties which I first promised unto thee in our marriage.'

Then follows a short occasional prayer, and the entry concludes thus:

"The first day of August, 1604, Ralphie Goodchild, of the parish of Barking, in Thames St, and Elizabeth his wife, were agreed to live together; and thereupon gave their hands one to another, makinge either of them a solemne vow so to doe in the presence of us: William Stere, Parson; Edward Coker, and Richard Eires, Clark."

Can any entry, relating to a similar occasion, be found in any other parish register? — *Notes and Queries.*

From The Athenæum.

*The Mormons at Home; with some Incidents of Travel from Missouri to California, 1852-3. In a series of Letters. By Mrs. B. G. Ferris. New York, Dix & Edwards; London, Low & Co.*

SHALL we of the Old World ever receive a report of the doings at Salt Lake City in which it will be reasonable to put our trust? Deep as our interest is in any picture of the Mormons at Home, and certain as the sale of any fair account of these strange people would be, we have received nothing beyond surface views or wretched caricatures. Yet, when the war closes finally, we know scarcely any topic likely to engage the hearts of good and thoughtful persons more deeply than this question of Mormon Life; its moral nature, its mode of action, and its share of success. The Mormons—who are nearly to a man and woman of Anglo-Saxon blood—have departed from the midst of us and set up a new system in the depth of the wilderness,—shaking off our laws, our customs, our letters, and our God. These extraordinary people have made for themselves a new scheme of life, based on new ideas, all of them contrary to our Old-World wisdom, and some of them most repugnant to our domestic instincts. Can the new scheme work?

While the Mormons were merely a theological sect—living by the light of those social laws which are common to all European nations—they excited interest by their passions, their tenacity, and their despair. But the interests of this world are stronger in many minds than the interests of the world to come. Our curiosity about the Saints has deepened a thousand times since it became noised abroad that these people, who only yesterday, as it were, sailed from our shores, leaving mothers and sisters in the old land, have returned in the depths of the American wilderness to the Eastern system of many wives. At first Europe was incredulous on this subject of polygamy. However wide its usage in the East, however high its sanction in the past, a home of many wives was thought to be repugnant to Anglo-Saxon nature, and was pronounced impossible with Anglo-Saxon women. Doubts also arose—and some of these doubts remain—as to the real meaning of the Mormon act of “sealing” several women to one man. Wedlock, in the common use of words, cannot be always meant by this act, as we hear of poor, aged, and decrepit females being “sealed” to young and prosperous Mormon saints. Sealing may confer some very pleasant and very substantial earthly rights; but its chief function, as the people who practise it seem to believe,

is a spiritual one, like baptism or confirmation. It appears to be taught in the Mormon churches that a woman cannot be saved unless she be first sealed to one of the Mormon saints. Thus sealing becomes a needful sacrament in the Mormon system; the observance is an act of grace and a probation for heaven. Yet when the cases of spiritual wife-hood are allowed for on a liberal scale, the fact remains unquestioned and unquestionable, that in Salt Lake City a great number of men of our race and blood—nearly all who can afford the cost—do marry several wives,—live with them in the old patriarchal fashion,—and have children by them according to the rights and usages of our Old-World ways. It is a strange and exciting fact to discover in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the very centre of the territory of the Great Republic, and among the least imaginative people in existence.

We want to know how this system works. Do the wives live in Oriental union, or do they quarrel like Kilkenny cats? Do the husbands live in peace in their western harems, in health and freedom? Are the homes clean and cosy, the children well-trained and obedient? Such questions occur to the mind even before the other and higher questions about faith and salvation. But, unhappily we have no answer—at least none that we can trust—to these deeply-exciting queries. Mrs. Ferris, whose book we opened with expectation, is evidently not a fair witness; and her letters are four years old. She had good opportunities. She accompanied her husband, who had received an appointment as United States Secretary for Utah, to the Salt Lake City. She remained in the valley of the Salt Lake six months, living on familiar terms with the Mormons, both men and women. But, then, she carried her foregone conclusions with her. Before she and her husband reached the Mormon settlements she had condemned the Mormons in her heart.

That Mrs. Ferris, who prides herself on having played the “fine lady in the prairie,” is not a very philosophical observer—is not very nice in her manners—is not very delicate in her feelings—every page of this odd book bears witness. But, as she professes to state what she saw and heard among the Mormons, we must take her with her faults, and make the best we can of her evidence, with all its drawbacks of vanity, inconsequence, and ill taste.

Here is a note written from Salt Lake which may serve very well as a key-note for our quotations:

“We have made one disagreeable discovery. Polygamy is not only practised, but openly

justified and advocated on religious grounds. \* \* We are unquestionably in the midst of a society of fanatics, who are controlled by a gang of licentious villains, and it will require all our circumspection to get along smoothly. \* \* That we are closely watched I am well persuaded. The very day after we arrived, while wholly absorbed in reading the news from home, I was suddenly startled by a pair of eyes glaring in at the west window, belonging to a malignant-looking man, who was engaged in training some vines on that side of the house. Of course he desisted when he found himself observed, but I detected him, afterwards, repeating the same thing in a very furtive manner. If this man has not committed murder, *it has been for want of an opportunity.*"

Nothing is ever proved against the poor vine-trainer. He does his work and goes his way. But he gets deeper and deeper in the ill-opinion of his judge. The lady at whose house Mrs. Ferris had been good enough to take up her abode is judged after the same fashion as the vine-dresser :

"Mrs. Farnham is a good Mormon in all points, except that she is bitterly opposed to polygamy. But this may be only pretence to render us unguarded. She may, after all, be as much a spy upon us as the cut-throat who gazed in at the window."

As Mrs. Ferris wisely sent her pretty criticisms on her new friends through the Mormon Post-office to her friends in New York and elsewhere, and probably uttered much small-talk, in the same lively style, at Mrs. Farnham's table, the reader will scarcely feel surprised that the Saints began to look shy at the fair judge of their misdeeds. But the Saints were not very reserved either, if we may believe their censor. "I find the women very conversable," she says. "We were treated with distinguished attention—the company generally seemed to exert themselves to make the evening pleasant to us," she says on another occasion. Mrs. Ferris, we are afraid, was scarcely doing her best to make things pleasant to her hosts. We proceeded to show the reader Mrs. Ferris' view of a Mormon home :

"On the opposite side of the way, directly west of us, in a small adobe house, resides Phineas Young—a brother of the governor, familiarly known, however, by the uncomplimentary designation of 'Old Phin.' This man called soon after our arrival, and manifested a disposition to treat us with civility. I learned from Mrs. Farnham that he had some seven or eight wives; that his first, or real wife, still lives in the States; and that the others had all left him but one. Whether he had been reduced to this low number by necessity or inclination, I do not know. I further learned that the present Mrs. Phin desired to make my acquaintance, so

an evening was appointed, and they both called. We found him very sociable, with much general information, and full of anecdote of the roving life to which all the Mormons have been, more or less, subjected. He had a great deal to say of Gentile persecutions—a theme which I find them ready enough to talk about. Among other things, he gave us a history of the privations to which those saints were subject who were the pioneers in the valley. It seems they were driven nearly to the point of starvation, and had to dig *Sege* roots—a root extensively used by the Indians, from which they have received the name of Diggers. He gave quite a graphic description of the destruction which threatened their first crops, by the ravages of an ugly cricket, until the ravagers were in turn destroyed by flocks of white gulls, which came over the mountain tops—a thing which he assured us had never before been seen. Mr. F. asked him where they came from. That, he said, was a mystery—he did not doubt they were created for the occasion. The man is a Jesuit, after all. While marvelling about these mysterious gulls, I could see him silyly watching the effect the narrative might have upon his audience. I found time to have some side chat with Mrs. Phin; and learned she had been previously married to a man by the name of Canfield, and that *she had persuaded* him to take her sister, to whom she was much attached, as his second wife, thinking they could get along harmoniously. Canfield finally concluded that two were not enough, and took in a third, and then abused the two sisters. He then went off to California, searching for gold, and came back empty-handed; upon which she left him, and took refuge under the shadow of 'Old Phin.' Such is the substance of the story told by the woman herself; leaving discreetly untold, *no doubt, the most salient points of her history.*"

We have charitably supplied the italics, being unwilling to allow the most careless reader to escape the proofs of Mrs. Ferris' good taste and feminine acuteness. Another great personage among the Mormons to whom we are introduced is Elder Snow.

"He resides near us, in the second house beyond Brother Wakeman's, with six wives, in two little huts, and has twelve children. In the principal hut, the real wife sits at the head of the table, and pours out tea and coffee for the rest of the bevy. The latest acquisition to this highly-favored household, and, of course, the reigning sultana for the time, was the only one of them with whom he condescended to correspond during his absence. Her education, however, had not attained the dignity of an ability to read; and, either because the other inmates of the harem were in like predicament, or that she was unwilling they should see these loving epistles, she took them to the neighbors to be translated. Like all other Mormon missionaries, he was a beggar; and the story is, that he has been so successful in his mendicacy, that the cottages are to give place to a large adobe mansion, which will make a more convenient seraglio.

Such is Elder Snow; and yet he could talk about the works of Art in Rome and Paris with some apparent appreciation of their beauties. Like our other visitors, he expressed a wish that our sojourn might be rendered agreeable, but not a word of invitation to visit his family, or that his wife would be happy to see me."

Really we feel for Mrs. Ferris. She wished to see the ladies of the Snow family in order to abuse, to mock, and to spit upon them,—and the Elder, who possibly saw as deeply into the lady's purpose as she saw into his character, refrained from asking her to his home. It was very provoking. When she got a chance, however, with the Mormon women, we do Mrs. Ferris the justice to say that she uses it well. For example:

"A good-natured young woman, with a baby in her arms, waited upon me. She proved to be one of the wives of the young man; and by further inquiry, I drew forth that they had both been married to him at the same time, so that neither could claim the precedence. You will ask whether such things can be? Yes, they can be with just such women. She was one of those good-natured, stupid fools, that would gulp down the most preposterous proposition, merely saying, 'Du tell!' or 'You don't say so!' or making some similar remark. I am quite ready to conclude that a large portion of female Mormonism is made up of similar materials."

Or, to offer another example:

"Among the frequent visitors at Mrs. Farnham's is a tall and rather interesting-looking young woman, who is known by the name of Harriet Cook. She is one of Brigham's early sealed ones, by whom she has one child; is quite good-looking, and superior in point of native smartness; but exceedingly capricious and variable in her feelings and conversation. The first time I saw her she seemed to have an oppressive sense of her real condition; expressed herself bitterly of her ruin, of the abominations of the harem, and even of hatred towards her child, representing it as an ugly, ungovernable little wretch. I felt much interest for her. I asked her why she did not go to California. She answered, sadly: 'Here, I am as good as Mary Ann' (Brigham's first wife) 'and the rest of them—but, elsewhere, I am an outcast. My brother wishes me to go, but it is of no use.' To-day this woman has called again, and I don't know when, in a conversation with one of my sex, my disgust has been more strongly excited. She launched forth into a sort of *exposé* of the filthy customs of the harem, in language so coarse and vulgar, and with so much apparent gusto, that all sympathy for her is at an end, and hereafter I can only talk with her, as with some others, merely to gain information. She is a fair specimen of the utter and hopeless degradation effected by the Mormon system; and, as she grows older, will doubtless take a

malignant delight in aiding to seduce others into the same unfortunate condition."

The "will doubtless" here is exquisite, and Harriet Cook is as certain to seduce foolish women as the nameless vine-dresser is to cut throats. Mrs. Ferris is not very civil to the harder sex, when she finds them giving way to the seductions of their many wives. Father Lee is one of the favorites over whom she throws the lambent light of her mirth:

"Father Lee is a good type of one of the elements of Mormonism—the most unbounded credulity—easily persuaded to a perform as a duty that which, in civilized lands, would consign the perpetrator to the penitentiary or the scaffold. To look at him sitting before me, he does not seem capable of harming an insect—but what assurance is there that he would not put arsenic or strychnine in my food, if told by the Prophet that it was his duty to destroy an enemy of the true faith?"

Yes, indeed, what? We doubt whether Father Lee can offer her any assurance on that serious subject.

Further on Mrs. Ferris gets a small ray of light on the vexed subject of female submission in the Salt Lake community:

"It has been a matter of great wonder to me how the women could be induced to consent to polygamous marriages. It is so repugnant to all the instincts and feelings of a true woman, that I could not understand it. The mystery is partly solved. It seems that one part of their ridiculous creed is, that a woman cannot be saved unless she is sealed or married to a Mormon; and he must be one, too, who will remain steadfast to the end; and, as they are noted for a great number of apostates, it becomes an object with these silly fools to get into the harems of the priests and elders, because it is believed they will not apostatize. Of course, any one with half an eye can see the object of the prophet Smith in promulgating such a doctrine; and the wonder is, that its transparency is not obvious to all. I made this discovery by talking with Aunt Shearer, about an old lady by the name of Western—commonly known as 'Mother Western'—one of Brigham's wives. I was marvelling why she should marry in her old age, especially as fiftieth or sixtieth wife, when my oracle said 'She was only sealed for the sake of salvation.' She further informed me that Brigham had more wives in this way than anybody knew of—that he did not even know himself, the sealing to him being considered a more certain guarantee for salvation, because he was the reigning prophet, and was sure to remain faithful. One scarcely knows whether to be amazed most at the profane profligacy of the leaders or the superstitious credulity of their dupes. The effect of the Mormon creed is, evidently, to gather together a low class of villains, and a still lower class of dupes; and it follows that the latter are easily governed.



The only disturbing element is, that the villains may quarrel among themselves; and, so far as I can learn, this has happened on more than one occasion. A further effect will probably be, to operate as a Botany Bay to society generally, by relieving it of its superabundance of both classes."

Among the pleasant people to be met with at Salt Lake was the family of Mr. Haywood; and we sympathize in Mrs. Ferris' astonishment at finding a lady with "good taste in dress" married to a man with two other wives:

"Among our agreeable visitors must be numbered Mr. Haywood, the United States Marshal, and his first wife. They called at an early period of our arrival, and have continued to treat us with attentive politeness. She is as pretty, well-informed, and accomplished as you will find anywhere in a thousand, and exhibits withal, what is not common here, good taste in dress. After forming their acquaintance I was surprised to learn from Aunt Shearer that he had two other wives; one known as Sister Very, old enough to be his mother, and who, in fact, seems to fill that office in the family. Of course she was said to be 'sealed for the sake of salvation.' Mrs. H. and Sister Very called one day, and I found the latter an agreeable, quiet, elderly lady from Old Salem, sufficiently well informed, and everything about her such as you would expect to find in a woman of her age from the land of steady habits, except in the single point of being the second of two wives in the same family. This is the only instance in which I have seen two wives of the same man together; and, judging from appearances, the age of the one precluded anything like jealousy on the part of the other. *What jarring there may be between them at home I cannot tell.* I only know that, in my presence, they treated each other with that degree of affectionate cordiality which properly belongs to the intercourse between mother and daughter. What a strange spectacle! Here was an elderly woman, apparently of fair intelligence, and correct notions of propriety, in whom the feelings and instincts of womanhood may be supposed to have become fixed and permanent habits of thought, yielding all that is valuable to a ridiculous system of imposture—in other words, becoming a concubine. I can no longer wonder that girls are so easily made fools of."

Like Mrs. Ferris, we must introduce the third wife of this terrible Mr. Haywood into our gallery of Mormon female portraits; and the reader will smile, after the scornful closing of the above passage, to see the sort of "girl" who had been made a fool of by the Saint. Speaking of the "elderly lady from Old Salem" and the young lady with "good taste in dress," Mrs. Ferris goes on rousing her virtuous indignation until it is assuaged by a small act of politeness:

"If the worthy Marshal had stopped here, I could tolerate him very well, considering we are sojourners in the Mormon capital. But he has still another wife, and I learn from my universal referee, that, in the States, she was one of the 'strong minded'—in fine, a pseudo-lecturer on progressivism—who was so fully persuaded that womankind were in a false position, that she has ended in making herself what she is. The Marshal keeps her and her baby on his farming establishment in Juab, about eighty miles from here. He spends six weeks of his time there and then the same time with his family here, and so alternates between the two. To-day he has been in, partly on business and partly to make a friendly call; and I felt disposed to be hateful towards him. But he appeared so cordial and friendly, and gave us such warm and pressing invitations to visit his family, differing in this respect from the rest of these vagabonds, that he partially succeeded in disarming resentment."

Mrs. Ferris went to the homes of the Mormons and to their public parties. As we think few of our readers have ever assisted at a Mormon evening party, we are tempted with their consent to introduce them into the charmed circle of the Saints:

"We went sufficiently late not to be among the first arrivals, and were ushered into an ante-room, to be divested of cloaks and shawls. From this, a short flight of steps brought us into a long saloon, where six cotillions were in active motion. Another short flight landed us on a raised platform, which overlooked the dancing-party, and here a band of music were in the full tide of performance. This dais was well accommodated with seats, including two or three sofas, on which were elders and apostles reclining, with a few of their concubines. Brigham was there, and had his hat on, according to his usual habit. We were treated with distinguished attention—the company generally seemed to exert themselves to make the evening pleasant to us. Our old acquaintance, Judge Snow, was there, with Mrs. S., his only wife; and I took advantage of our familiar footing with both to inquire out all the peculiarities of the evening. Elder Kimble, one of the chief men, was present, and very sociable. He has a harem, numbering some twenty-five or thirty; but, strange to say, has continued to treat his real wife (so the story goes) as superior to the rest. She was at his right hand on the present occasion, and looked careworn and sad; on his left was one of his sealed ones, a keen, shrewd-looking woman, from Philadelphia, and who, in the few words of conversation I had with her, evinced some intelligence. Near them sat a delicate woman, with raven hair, and piercing black eyes, who proved to be Eliza Snow, the Mormon poetess, and who belongs to Brigham's harem. Polygamy cannot be a subject calculated to produce poetic inspiration—at least the effusions which appear under her name in the *Deseret News* would scare the Muses out of their senses. I found Mrs. Orson Hyde a pleasant woman, of

much simplicity of manners, and, to her husband's credit be it said, he lives with her alone, although one of the twelve apostles. Another of the twelve, Amasa Lyman, was pointed out, a man of grossly sensual appearance. This man lives in San Bernardino, and has a straggling harem, extending at convenient points from that place to Salt Lake. He collects the tithings in California, and is constantly going back and forth. A heavy, dark-colored, beetle-browed man was pointed out as Elder John Taylor, who had been badly wounded when the prophet was murdered in Illinois. He had his wife on one arm; on the other was a young widow from Tennessee, reputed to be wealthy, and reputed also to have been lately sealed to this pious elder. The cotillions upon the floor when we went in were soon danced out, and the dancers came crowding upon the platform — and here happened what seemed to me the crowning incident of the evening: Parley Pratt marched up with four wives, and introduced them successively as Mrs. Pratts. The thing was done with such an easy, nonchalant air, that I had difficulty in keeping from laughing outright. The thought came over me, with what scorn these people,

who are here first and foremost, would be banished from society at home. Did the man do this to show what he could do, or because he thought politeness required it of him? I don't know. Some, however, only introduced the first wife, and I internally thanked them for the forbearance. One thing was peculiar — it was only the first wives that tried to make themselves familiar with me. Dancing continued fast and furious till a late hour. Each man danced with two women at a time, and took the lead in all the chassés promenades; so it seems that even in their amusements women take a subordinate position."

These passages will amuse the reader; they are fresh and feminine; and we are sorry that we cannot treat the volume from which we draw them as a serious book. Now that peace has returned to Europe, perhaps some vivid and vivacious correspondent will run over to Utah and tell us the truth with regard to this system of many wives. We promise him beforehand an audience for his revelations.

**MONGHIR, THE BIRMINGHAM OF INDIA.** — The natives of Monghir excel in the manufacture of guns, pistols, and rifles, many of them marked with the names of Manton, Egg, and other celebrated gunmakers. I have seen one or two of them fired off, and perhaps safely, with light charges. A sporting engineer belonging to our steamer bought a Manton for £1 4s., and fired several times successively. These guns are very cleverly made; and a novice could not possibly detect that they had not been manufactured by those whose names they bear. Forks and knives, corkscrews, hammers, and other articles of hardware, of very good description, are also made here. Fans, table-mats, straw hats and bonnets, necklaces and bracelets, made of a wood resembling jet, &c., everything may be purchased very good, and at reasonable cost. In our visit to the bazaars, indeed all over the place, we were beset by beggars, who are excessively numerous, and in the most piteous and abject condition. All the hard work, it seems, is done by the women. I am told that they work much better than the men, and get but badly paid. About twenty brought the fuel required for our steamer, and put it on board, while the men were looking idly on. — *Journal of a Cavalry Officer.*

**THE SWORD MIMUNG.** — This sword was forged by Weland, in a trial of skill with another celebrated weapon-smith, Amilias by name. Weland first made a sword with which he cut a thread of wool lying on the water. But, not content with this, he reformed the blade, which then cut

through the whole ball of floating wool. Still dissatisfied, he again passed it through the fire, and at length produced so keen a weapon that it divided a whole bundle of wool floating in water. Amilias, on his part, forged a suit of armor so much to his own satisfaction, that, sitting down on a stool, he bade Weland try his weapon upon him. Weland obeyed, and there being no apparent effect, asked Amilias if he felt any particular sensation. Amilias said he felt as though cold water had passed through his bowels. Weland then made him shake himself. On doing so, the effect of the blow was apparent: he fell dead in two pieces. — *Hewitt's Ancient Armor.*

**EPITAPH.** — The following is from a large tomb in the now closed churchyard of Old St. Pancras. It is just one hundred years old, an age seldom reached by churchyard epitaphs. The lady to whom this epitaph refers was a Miss Basnett, who "died the 10th day of Feb., 1756, aged twenty-three:

"Go spotless honor and unsully'd truth,  
Go smiling innocence, and blooming youth:  
Go female sweetness, join'd with manly sense,  
Go winning wit, that never gave offence;  
Go soft humanity, that blest the poor,  
Go saint-eyed patience from affliction's door;  
Go modesty that never wore a frown,  
Go virtue and receive thy heavenly crown.  
Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse,  
The friend inscrib'd thy tomb, whose tear bedew'd  
thy hearse."

From The United Service Magazine.

# THE CHARGE OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY AT BALAKLAVA.

BY ONE WHO WAS IN IT.

THE "Charge" of the British Cavalry at Balaklava, on the memorable 25th of October last, is acknowledged to be one of the most unparalleled acts of daring to be found in the annals of warfare, either ancient or modern. With all the rashness of inconsiderate valor, the deed was yet marked by such method and execution, and was attended by such an indirect yet momentous result—that is, the saving of Balaklava from the Russians, and the holding of the only spot where supplies and munitions of war could be landed, where the hospitals were erected, and the Commissariat had its head-quarters—that we cannot appreciate this signal resistance too highly. If the charge be termed an act of madness, it was nevertheless the madness of heroism. If it was a folly and a sacrifice, it was crowned by a success as great as its devotion was sublime and entire. If the gallant "Six Hundred" rushed with a dreadful eagerness towards the very jaws of death, and utter annihilation, what shall we say of the mighty hearts, giant hands, and cool brain, which brought back the noble remnant in the midst of volleying fires and a hurtling rain of death, through squadrons of Russian cavalry, numbering upwards of five thousand men? and therefore it is that at some considerable pains we have sought to give a more perfect *personal* representation from the lips of "one who was in it."

It was a deed unparalleled and tremendous in its headlong sweep, its shock and resounding crash, while the sulphurous batteries of the "nether deeps" seemed to open on some small devoted band, as realized by the horrible discharge of the Russian great guns, mostly 18 and 24-pounders, accompanied by the deadly volleys of the *tirailleurs*—not to mention the flank batteries and the discharge of showers of shells.

What renders it yet more splendid in its completeness, its utter devotedness, lies in the fact that it cannot be looked upon in the light of an ambush, a surprise, an accidental contact of few meeting with many. All was visible to the little band, before and to right and left of them, and a combat so unequal might have been declined without subjecting them to any suspicion of fear, or making them liable to censure. A battery of six-and-twenty guns was directly in front of them, with an army covering the same in the rear. Batteries lay to right and left on the crests of the hills commanding the valley. Hosts of infantry, cavalry, and riflemen, attended by every variety of destructive agen-

cies, moved to and fro with an incessant restlessness, with nothing to oppose them save the insignificant handful, of which we shall presently have to speak.

The bombardment of Sebastopol had been going on now for several days. The vast importance of holding possession of Balaklava, for the sake of its harbor, the shelter afforded to our shipping, the ease with which supplies could be landed and transmitted to the camp, and the retirement afforded to the sick and wounded in the hospitals, became every day more and more obvious, since to have lost this would have been to lose the only medium of communication which existed for furnishing those necessities an army in the field so imperatively required. There the great siege guns had been landed, and from thence were "fired" by seamen and marines to the trenches. The Russians through their spies were well aware of this, and hence the attempt, which, if it resulted in a great calamity to ourselves, was at least fatally disastrous to them, while the glory of the British soldier culminated to a pitch that seems impossible to be rivalled in any future time.

Rumors that Russian reinforcements of some forty thousand men, led by Liprandi, and gathering in the English rear, in order by one desperate effort to drive our small forces at Balaklava over the cliffs, and, thus surrounding our besieging forces, compel us to raise the siege, had been confirmed by their presence; our position therefore on the Balaklava heights was rendered the more perilous, and became thus every instant the more imminently so. Sir Colin Campbell's body of Highlanders (the 93rd) was encamped under the cliffs, and surmounted by batteries, held by a body of marines. Four redoubts, more advanced, had been hastily thrown up, each of which was defended by guns, and the whole held by a body of four thousand Turks. These commanded the road leading to the camp, and, as a kind of outpost, overlooked the Tchernaya, and the Mackenzie heights far beyond.

The British cavalry division (under Lord Lucan) was composed of the Scots Greys, the Enniskillens, the 1st Royals, and the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, all forming the "Heavy Brigade" of Brigadier-General Scarlett. These occupied a position in the rear of Captain Maude's Royal Horse Artillery, which turned out to have been sadly defective in men and ammunition.

Lord Cardigan's "Light Brigade" was posted on the left of Kadikoi, and south of the marine camp, and was formed of the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, and 8th and 11th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers, and barely making up in all the complement of *two full*

regiments. Thus fewer than forty guns of very unequal size, 1,200 horsemen, and some 4,000 infantry only, and those Turkish — except the 93rd — were to resist an army of between thirty and forty thousand men; including riflemen, infantry, Cossacks, squadrons of horse, and at least three complete batteries, not three miles removed from them.

Having stated the forces, a short sketch of the ground will introduce the reader to the "personal" narrative.

From the lofty heights on the verge of the camp, the country inland slopes away in hill-ranges, romantic valleys, and verdant undulations. Standing on a projecting cliff, the scenery becomes magnificent; to the right, and far below, are two valleys; one, traceable by its windings, extends to the beautiful plains of Baidar, the other, forming a circuit of the hills, seems to curve towards Balaklava, and even at that later season bore tokens of indisputable loveliness. Directly in front, are hills, rocks, and ravines, the most forward spot being that occupied by the Turkish redoubts, a position which, though full of certain peril, was yet absolutely necessary in order to check any approach to the defiles from the direction of the Tchernaya. This succession of hills and rocks was finally bounded on the left by a long lofty hill, which thus became the natural boundary of the Balaklava plain, behind which extended the extreme English right, intersected by the Woronzow road. Westward of this hill again was the extreme point of the French camp. Between the two is a broad open plain, and at the extreme end comes first the Aqueduct, and next the Tchernaya. On this space are two mounds, on one of which the main Russian batteries were placed on the dreadful day in question.

Advancing to this, a recent writer says that by far the best idea of the Balaklava charge was obtainable. In looking towards the plain you face the open part whence from a considerable distance the cavalry was first put in motion. On the left in advance is the position of redoubt No. 1, from which the Turks retired. The guns here posted were made to play upon the right flank of our cavalry, as they came up to it, as they passed it, and till they turned after reaching the battery where we are now standing. At this last-mentioned battery the artillerymen were sabred at their guns, and here the remnants of that proud force again grouped together preparatory to cutting their way back over their slaughtered comrades. The hill immediately to the right (and described as the extremity of the French position) was then bristling with Russian cannon, which fired with deadly aim on our cavalry's left flank. During the entire length of the

charge, another and more powerful battery, stationed on the next hill beyond, would have added its tale of slaughter had the gunners not been obliged to change the direction of their guns in consequence of the brilliant charge of the Chasseurs d'Afrique; and now for the narrative of "one that was in it."

Our informant (we may here mention) was a fine specimen of the *matériel* out of which our best cavalry is formed. Full five feet ten, rather slightly than broadly built, with a splendid chest, and an ample width of shoulders, he seemed to be full of nervous agility. He was barely five-and-twenty, but a thoughtful cast of countenance, the traces of a long illness, together with a severe wound received in the charge, made him look older, but his face lighted up when he laughed, displaying a set of strong regular teeth, often enough lacking employment in those grim days that were gone by. His forehead was broad and intellectual, and, being descended of an old Yorkshire family (his physiognomy was certainly of a northern cast), he was certainly a man of superior order and attainments. He wore two medals, one being for "distinguished service" in the Crimea, and is now discharged with a pension. He holds a respectable and responsible situation in one of the first public companies of the metropolis. We cannot remember to have spent a more interesting evening than the one in which, at our request, he detailed his experiences, and "fought his battles over again."

"Well, sir," he proceeded over his glass with us, "it's no new thing for a gentleman's son to take a liking for a soldier's life, and so I thought I should like to see the Crimea, but I feared I should have got no further than Portsmouth (I had joined the 8th Hussars), where, slinging a horse for embarkation, the animal made a leap and a plunge, and I received a frightful kick on the head, which fortunately was thick and hard enough to stand it; and so I saw Shumla, and the Dobruscha, was at Silistria, and had my share in some very pretty fighting at the Alma, which was only child's play to what was done at Balaklava, but precious hot work for all that.

"O, yes, I remember that at the Alma we were ordered to stand without lifting a blade, under as hot a fire as ever any man can quietly sustain, unless he's picked off, but when we *did* get the order to charge, we went at it like young lions — but that's not Balaklava.

"We were posted to the rear of Captain Maude's Royal Horse Artillery, from whence we used to go by a pretty rough-and-tumble sort of a road, to take our horses to water by



the bay, and to bring back each man his calabash full, and the like, with him, and though we were near enough to the Commissariat and stores, we might often just as well have been a thousand miles away; and the nights were awfully cold, and the heavy dews would almost drench us, till the blood felt like ice, and what with 'outlying' and 'inlying' pickets, almost always in the saddle, and *never* undressed, sickness, want of food — and I've gone three entire days without a meal — we were very queer indeed, and by no means good-naturedly disposed towards the Russians.

"Every day now the Russians loitering or moving in great masses about the Tchernaya, as we could see from our outlying pickets, and preparing, as we concluded, to drive us over the cliffs — began to keep us on the alert morning, noon, and night. If we came from picket fagged, cold, and hungry, we might hear the trumpet sound 'boot and saddle' at any moment. If we were just asleep lying in our cloaks on the ground, it was just the same. If we were going to have a tin cupful of something hot — green coffee as often as not — the Russians be hanged to them! were just like bees out of a hive, and from their numbers could afford to worry us to death, and videttes would go to and fro scampering over the hills giving the alarm, spoiling many a scanty meal, and I can tell you we liked the loss of our 'grub' less than all, and we were fairly mad with rage.

"Why, only think, sir, one day we were just going to dinner — on fresh meat too — a treat we had not had for some time, when just as the cooking was over, and the meat was ready to be taken out of the pans upon our biscuit, Lord Lucan dashes in, sounds 'boot and saddle,' and orders all our meat, delicious and smoking hot as it was, to be *buried* at once, as the Russians were upon us, and we obeyed of course, and wished it had been the Russians we were burying instead. Of course it would n't do to let *them* have it, supposing they did come down upon us, which was what we expected, though they did n't then; and how we were to deal with such forces as they clearly had I'm sure I don't know, and, to say the truth, thought little about it.

"Well, as early as four o'clock on the morning of the 24th of October the Light and Heavy Brigades were together, with a portion of the Scots Greys covering the artillery. It was dark and starless, though a dim line of light seemed hanging in the air (which was wet and cold with heavy dews, like a misty rain), but to which we were sufficiently accustomed to pursue our avocations. We groomed and saddled our horses as well as we could, wiped the dews off our swords and

scabbards, which were red and rusty despite all our care, got our cloaks, equipments, and so on, in order, with thirty rounds of cartridges in our wallets and thirty more in our pouches, and moved up to the brow of the hill above the marines' camp.

"Well, sir, after the usual inspection (by Lord Cardigan) we expected to go back to the lines, when we heard a shot fired from the direction of the Russians, and then the order to go and cover the redoubts began to stir and warm us. We covered the redoubts, which were now attacked, until the horse artillery were forced to retire towards the lines for more ammunition, that which they had being expended. The firing was hot and brisk from the advancing Russians, while Captain Maude, being now wounded, was carried away to Balaklava, when we saw the Turks leave the first redoubt, and cut and run down for the bay, and our lads were so wild that they could willingly have charged and sabred the beggars. The second redoubt was now evacuated, and the plain was filled with the flying Turks, and these being taken by the Russians they began to turn the guns upon us, of which they had now possessed themselves of seven, and rather hard *that* case seemed to be.

"When the artillery retired, we retired too; Lord Lucan, who saw the heights mounted, ordered the Light Division to fall back with the Heavy in our rear, our brigade taking possession of a vineyard, and the Heavies of the tents we had left in the morning. The Turks fought well in the third redoubt, I am bound to say, till the Russians by dint of numbers drove them out, and away *they* went flying in confused numbers, all making for Balaklava, and picking up everything they could lay hands on. Ah!" he added with some bitterness, "they (the Turks) were of little use, and even worse on that morning; and now began the game in which the Highlanders and the Heavy Brigade commenced the work in which we were soon to take our share, but of theirs I can say but little, as we were removed just then from the scene of operation."

To supply this defect, however, and to give a sort of coherent continuance to the narrative, we will condense from sources at our command the particulars in which Sir Colin Campbell with his gallant fellows, and Lord Lucan with his brigade, became so conspicuous.

At seven o'clock in the morning notice came to head-quarters to the effect that a dense body of the enemy's cavalry, supported by artillery and infantry, had appeared in the valley (below Balaklava), and having driven the Turks from one redoubt were opening fire on the remaining three. Sir Colin Camp-

bell, on whom the responsibility of protecting the valley and its redoubts chiefly rested, got his Highlanders under arms, in which he was promptly supported by the Earl of Lucan with his division. The surface of the valley being very uneven and undulating, concealed to a great extent the movements of the several divisions from observation. The evident object of the Russians was to obtain the redoubts which the retreat of the Turks facilitated, these being chased across the plain by flying parties of Cossacks and light horse. Redoubts one and two being followed by the taking of the third, the Russian cavalry in pursuit suddenly came up to the crown of a small hill, and saw to their surprise the 93rd drawn up ready to receive them. The squadrons made up some 1,500 strong, and after a pause made a dash in one grand line on the killed heroes. "I did not think it worth while," said Sir Colin with sublime disdain, "to form my men four deep," and, like a wall of serried steel, the Highlanders received the thundering body of horse. Once within range of the Minié, a withering discharge, given with the precision of mere mark-firing, received and scattered them, as the bow of the ship dashes aside in spray and water-drops the waves which beat against it. At a distance Lord Raglan with his staff, and General Bosquet and his staff, stood gazing upon this magnificent tournament, the interest of which increased every moment. All now depended upon the dragoons, and the spectators dismounted from their horses to watch the result more at leisure, as assistance of any kind could not now be rendered.

Wheeling in disorder, the Russian squadrons retreated as precipitately as they came, but being joined by other regiments the enemy advanced again upon our handful of horse, the Greys and Enniskillens being the most advanced; these, instead of waiting to be attacked, dashed forward to meet them. The shock was appalling, and a tremendous cheer greeted the act. Presently it was seen that these two regiments had cut through the Russians, and were going forward to meet the second line. The remainder of the Heavies now dashed upon the broken Russian ranks, whose intention had been to surround and cut off the English horse. In less than five minutes the whole brigade was in the midst of the combat, scattering the Russian horse like chaff before the wind, and returning with a cheer that rang over the plain, having, with a loss of not more than *four* or *five* men killed outright, routed a force of more than treble their numbers; and now comes the turn of the Light Brigade, where we resume our informant's narrative.

"It was now, I suppose, about nine

o'clock, and the morning was clear and bright; in fact, as beautiful a morning as you would wish to see. We could hear the dull boom of the firing, and the shouts of the men, and occasionally when the smoke lifted, saw here and there flying parties of men, but little more, owing to the nature of the ground, and we were chatting together in groups, expecting every moment the orders to move — some wondering whether we should have a slap at the Russians or not, and I'm quite sure we all hoped for it. I should say that we had been removed again from the vineyard to the brow of the hill, when we saw our Colonel (Colonel Shewell) galloping up to take the command from Major de Salis (who was also in the charge), and, says one of our men, 'Well, I'm d—— if it isn't the Colonel; what do you say to the "old woman" now?'

"The fact is, we had left him very ill, as we thought, in his tent, for he had been sadly troubled with gout and sickness, and suffering like the rest of us, besides being old for such exposure — and so, from one thing or another, he had got that name. But he was full of pluck, and when he knew that fighting was going on, up he came to us, and we were pleased enough to see him too.

"I saw, as he passed in front of us, that all at once his face expressed the greatest surprise and astonishment, and even anger, and, walking on, he broke out with — 'What's this? what's this? — one, two, four, six, seven men *smoking!*' — swords drawn, and seven men smoking! — why, the thing is inconceivable! Sergeant — Sergeant Pickworth," he calls out."

"And the truth is," continued the narrator very frankly — "for I was one of them — the truth is, we were warming our noses each with a short black pipe, and thinking no harm of the matter; and, by the bye," he added parenthetically, "I lost mine, for I passed it quietly to poor Jock Miller in my rear, who went in with us into the charge, and was missed — so that I never got back my pipe.

" "'I never heard of such a thing,' the Colonel said, 'and no regiment except an "Irish" regiment would be guilty of it. Sergeant, advance and take these men's names,' and, leaving the sergeant to find us out, though he could n't discover any, the Colonel passed on, and halted again. All this time I heard strange dull noises thickening in the air. It might not be quite according to regulation to be smoking, sword in hand, when the charge might be sounded any moment. Our Colonel was a religious man too, which helped him to his nickname, I dare say, and he imagined perhaps we

ought to have been thinking of our souls instead of our tobacco pouches and inch of clay.

"He comes up to another now, that had n't heard what had been said, and he sings out—

"Sergeant Williams!"

"Yes, sir," replies the sergeant.

"Did you not hear what I said about smoking just now?"

"I've not lit my pipe yet, sir," answered the sergeant.

"But fall back to the rear," says the Colonel, "and take off your belts. Farrier, forward and take them, and—why here's another!—to the rear fall back. I'll have this breach of discipline punished!" and the men fell out and gave their belts to the farrier; and I understand that one *was* punished the next day, but Sergeant Williams, who was mounted, but quite unarmed, as he had given up his sword, belt, and carbine, went into the charge with us (it came directly after), and was killed.

"It might be between nine and ten—more likely ten—and we (the 8th Hussars) now formed the third line, the 11th Hussars and 4th Light Dragoons being second, while the 17th Lancers, and 13th Light Dragoons formed the first or front lines. In front were Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan chatting together with the staff and mounted trumpeters at hand, the Heavies having come out of the 'ruck' and drawn away apart from us, Brigadier Scarlett, I believe, being with them, though he might have joined Lord Raglan on the heights. If any of us thought we were going back to breakfast, it was a mistake soon cleared up, and besides, we (the Light Brigade) had done nothing this day, except smoke our pipes and get into grief with the Colonel; and seeing what the 'Heavies' had been and done, I don't think a breakfast without a blow would have digested with any one of us.

"However, down from the heights before Sebastopol where Lord Raglan's quarters were, there comes Captain Nolan at a furious gallop—what a splendid horseman he was to be sure!—and with him was a French officer, but whether they had found each other on the way or no I can't say. He pulls up in our front, asks for Lord Lucan (who was at hand), and giving him a piece of paper, and pointing past the redoubts towards the valley, seemed to add some further instructions; and this done while Captain Nolan galloped off towards the Turkish redoubts to reconnoitre, I imagined the French officer spurred away towards General Bosquet's division, and, thinks I, 'Now comes our turn, and if we don't catch it, somebody else shall,' meaning of course the Russians,

(he added by way of parenthesis); and while every man of us was ready either in his saddle or standing by his horse, to rest, and spare either the animal or himself, every eye was now turned on Lord Lucan, who went to Lord Cardigan and pointed to the end of the valley, where a tremendous Russian battery was placed.

"I now saw the whole plain and the heights skirting the valley covered with Russian infantry and Cossacks, and their broken horse again gathering behind the battery, and *that* in the front consisting of some six-and-twenty grim black muzzles pointed at us, which in a moment would be red-hot, and panting as the throats of famished wolves. This battery extended for perhaps a quarter of a mile right abreast of us, and as the mouths of the outer guns were slightly turned *in*, their range would meet together and cross in one common focus, which we at full gallop might, and *must*, have been in the very midst of, when the first fire came and committed such a slaughter.

"Captain Nolan, who had gone to the redoubts, now halted. I next heard a heavy fire, and then he galloped back towards us. We were by this in motion, and Lord Cardigan was preparing to act. The trumpet sounded 'stand to horses!' then rapidly followed 'mount! walk, trot, gallop!' and again the trumpet finally sounded the 'charge!' and we were off.

"I had just time and no more to see the effect of the first fire of the Russians. Captain Nolan, who had lifted his hand as I thought in signal, was then close upon us. His hands were up outstretched. He seemed to reel and rock in his saddle; out of his breast there poured forth a red steaming tide, and he looked as if his chest had been broken in. I saw him no more. The brave fellow—none braver in the army, nor a bolder horseman—was killed!"

"Down the descending slope, over ground that seemed ploughed, we went like a rushing hurricane, with Lord Cardigan at our head, and he 'went in' a regular 'buster' (a forcible and favorite expression of our friend).

"I felt," he continued, "as I found my horse begin to bound under me, and gripping my sabre, which I had fastened to my wrist with a twisted silk handkerchief—I felt at the moment my blood thicken and crawl, as if my heart grew still and quiet like a lump of stone within me. I was a moment paralyzed, but the snorting of the horses, the wild headlong gallop, the sight of the Russians before us becoming more distinct, and the first horrible discharge, with its still more horrible effects, came upon us, and emptied saddles all about me. My heart now began

to warm, to become hot, to dance again, and I had neither fear nor pity! I longed to be at the guns. I'm sure I set my teeth together as if I could have bitten a piece out of one. Every man was seized with a cannibal hunger, and could have eaten a squadron without salt.

"We had passed the first redoubt (nearest to us) and across the Woronzow road we pelted like mad; and, looking back after a 16th Lancer wounded dreadfully in the hand, I saw behind us the French coming down the hill. This was something to count upon, far away as they were. We had now got regularly in the full range of the guns, which played upon us with murderous fury. How we galloped on to be sure! There was now neither time nor opportunity to take notice of anything. The fire and smoke had partly blinded, as the roar had almost stunned me. We were now close upon the battery, and the bloody game was beginning, as, hand over head, with a hissing sweep, the thirsty sabres came down upon the gunners, who were now regularly in for it.

"Just before opening out, and getting into the guns, my right-hand comrade, Denis Andron, was shot in the head by one of the thousand grape-shot singing about our ears, and he sank on his saddle-bow, his charger still going with us. As his spur happened to be tickling the flank of Mr. Phillips' charger, the brute kicked furiously out and nearly caught me, but my horse, who might have been lamed, escaped, for we then 'opened out' as Denis fell, and his horse went down. I next heard a deep 'O!' uttered in something between a groan and a shriek, and I saw it was Lord Fitzgibbon who had been struck with a bullet, and then more smoke and more fire, and ball, bullet, and shell, in myriads, from the front and flank batteries, from riflemen and infantry, poured thickly upon us, but the great battery did no more, at least for a while."

Imagine, reader, if you can, seeing like this man, a "Vision of Sudden Death," like an awful apocalypse, breaking upon the eyes of 600 men—imagine what those unutterable sensations of his must have been, for they cannot else be conveyed. Death exultant and howling, reeking red-hot out of the front battery, hurling shell, grape, and round-shot—death from a battery on the left flank, hissing and demoniac—death from a battery on the right, tempestuous and insatiate—death from thousands of infantry whose fatal precision of aim was only embarrassed by the smoke and the movements of the riders! An unquenchable hell of fire bursting forth with the roar of rending volcanoes, and doing the work of destruction

on human lives with approximate effect—and, above all, clear and shrill, above the thunders of the vomiting cannon, and the volleying fusilades, rose the shriek of men and horses in pain and agony, the trampling of hoofs, the shouts of defiance, the wild grand jubilant "hurrah!" of men who, having cast aside all fear, only desired to grapple with this ghastly "Death" in any form more closely, and in the thirst for vengeance on their fallen comrades had ceased to care for wounds or pain, and in their utter dreadlessness had acquired an invincible contempt for every other consequence—imagine all this, if you can, and follow our soldier into the scene which now took place among the guns.

"The first thing I did, once within the guns, and 'following my leader,' was to cut clean off the hand of a Russian gunner who was holding up his sponge against me. He fell across the gun-carriage glaring savagely, but I cared little for that, and I had seen too much in the first few minutes of the 'charge' to soften me. Bodies and limbs scattered in fragments, or smashed and kneaded together, and blood splashed right into my face, were now no novelty. It was something more than kill or be killed. It was *kill* whether or no, and any way, don't mind 'it,' and I didn't.

"One incident that now occurred was almost comical. Corporal Taylor on my left, mounted on a horse either startled, or mad with the noise and the firing—for the animals had grown as wild with excitement as their riders—could not hold his in at all; he had no control over his mouth. He shot past me like a rocket right bang into the heart of the Russian cavalry in the rear of the guns, which opened and then closed upon him. I heard after that he was wounded and taken prisoner.

"I had now my hands full of work, I can assure you. I had three Russians to deal with at once, who evidently meant me mischief. An Hussar made a desperate slap at my head which I parried, and with cut 'number two' gave him so tremendous a slash in the neck that it almost sickened me to look on, quickly as it was done. I had now to wheel in order to meet a Polish Lancer who was just charging me full tilt. I saw that the butt was fixed against his thigh, that he gave his lance a slight quiver, and that he seemed to know how to use it too. I bent down slightly on my saddle, received his lance on the back of my sword which passed over my shoulder, at the same instant that the point of my weapon, through the mere rush of the horses passing each other, entered his breast, and went clean through him, coming



out at his back, so that I was forced to draw it out with a wrench as he rolled over the crupper.

"A Cossack was now upon me, but as I reined back in time his aim failed, and he shot by my horse's head, and I then after him, wounding him in the shoulder, and knocking man and horse over with my own, so that I was all but unseated, and then my 'busby' was knocked off with a ball, but hardly missed it then.

"I now heard Colonel Shewell's voice, and saw the old man waving his sword on the other side of the guns, as if calling us together, and we got round, or through, the best way we could, and formed in line, every Russian that was at the guns being cut down, and the cavalry that had ventured to their help being driven back, some across the aqueduct, and even to the Tchernaya, but only to renew the charge, for that they would let us return without a trial to stop us was not a likely thing.

"As we were in line, I was just saying, 'Sergeant Riley, you're out of place' (he was on the left and ought to have been on my right), but he did not speak. I looked up at him, his eyes were fixed and staring, and his face as rigid and white as a flagstone. I saw he was dead, though yet seated on his horse, and that too was shocking to think of and look at. I had n't time to say more, for the Colonel sings out 'Sergeant, sergeant, just look there, they are reinforcements,' as a body of Lancers came right upon us, whom I took to be our own, the 17th, and the sergeant shouts out, 'By — they're Russians!'

"'Keep together, men,' cried the Colonel — ah! he did show himself a *man*, ill, laid up as he had been, and I'm sure fitter then to be in his tent that day, but he was too plucky — 'keep together,' he said, 'and death or glory! but we'll ride them down!' and slap into them we went again, cutting, parrying, slashing right and left, and then the flank batteries opened, and the riflemen picked us off, and the firing grew hotter, the smoke thicker and denser, while the Russians in blind fury were killing their own men, as well as ours, as if they did n't care who they hit, so long as they could hit at all — nor what they sacrificed, so long as they could sacrifice us — and they did n't often miss, I can tell you.

"Then the trumpeter sounded, and 'threes about' was the word, so I knew that Lord Cardigan must be at hand, and if going 'in' was like charging a legion of devils, and the devil's imps cannonading us, the getting back was ten times worse, and I almost gave it up as a gone game, as did many more, but all

determined, I'll vouch for it, to make every drop of blood worth a Russian life.

"We seemed already to have cut and hacked our way through thousands, and were going at it once more, as if we meant to ride down the whole Russian army, with the old Colonel ahead of us, and through showers of grape, and canister, and Minié balls, we were fairly cutting our way as a man would cut through a thick-set-hedge with a bill-hook!

A regular avalanche of cavalry had burst around us, thinking, no doubt, that where we had got to we ought to remain, having done quite enough for one morning, and we were quite of a different mind. Horses were running about without riders, and while men that had fallen wounded were endeavoring to catch them, they were shot down like dogs. We could not help them — we could hardly help ourselves, and the Russians did not seem to care about any prisoners. One thing I'll mention worth notice: as he went back Major de Salis caught up a wounded bandman, and lifted him on to the second charger he had brought him, and bore him safely back through the fight; was n't that grand, sir?" and the speaker's pale forehead and cheeks became suffused with a glow of pride.

"I was watching Lieutenant Seagre, who was wounded, and calling for assistance — how he did 'slip into them' to be sure — and there was Lieutenant Phillips; he also was a tartar — indeed there was no choosing — all fought splendidly — when an infernal smash close by, made me shiver and start, and my sword-arm fell to my side, my sabre dropping, as the sling had got out. I felt a tingle in my hand, running right up and quite numbing my arm. I could n't make it out, but looking down I saw my hand was bleeding and torn. It had been done by a piece of shell that had just burst. I bound my handkerchief about it with my teeth and bridle-hand, galloping all the time, but I don't think I was so wild in all my life with anything as that it was my right hand and that I could do no more."

He exhibited his hand, now of course perfectly healed. It had been lacerated through tendon, nerve, and muscle, barely sparing an artery, just below the wrist bone, and the bones had been entirely shattered, as was evident by the manner in which the wound had healed. He could not bend the fingers, and the hand was practically useless. He seemed to regret this much, and wished that he had been maimed anywhere else, and the wound of any nature that did not cripple his further exertions that day.

"By this time Lord Lucan had come to our assistance with his brigade fresh and hearty, and they slipped a 'buster' into the

Russian squadrons, again turning the tables upon them, and making them mere hash, while the French Chasseurs, brave, active, dare-devil fellows, they pitched into a flank battery playing upon us, and soon silenced that. The Guards and fourth divisions were by this on the field, and away the Russians pelted out of the redoubts they had taken, and glad enough by this time to get away.

"One fellow who went in with Lord Lucan, and passed us, made me stare at him. He was a butcher of the 17th Lancers in full 'killing' costume — blue frock, Kilmarnock cap, and a couple of sabres! He told me, when Lord Lucan saw him, and asked where he was going to, that he said he was going to have a slap at the Russians, and that Lord Lucan, laughing, replied, 'Go in, then, and fight like a devil!' and I believe he did prove himself a 'stunner.'

"I hardly know how we got back to the brow of the hill from which we had started, for every now and then I was faint, and the pain of my hand was horrible at times, at others it grew numbed again. We got to the top, however, in small detachments, and at last the Commissary-General Crookshanks served us out some rum, which was a God-send to us, wearied, wounded, and knocked

about as we were. We then formed in two divisions, and Lord Cardigan rode in front and counted us, and made but 133 men out of the 607 sabres that had gone down with him! So I leave you to guess the slaughter that had been made of us — in the short half-hour all had been begun and finished — not to speak of the Russians that lay piled among the guns, and on the plain, to between two and three thousand men, as I heard.

"The ambulances were now about the field picking up the poor fellows who lay about, and carrying them down to Balaklava, and this corps cannot be too well spoken of, for, as the 'Heavies' finished, they began, and the wounded were soon, and carefully, brought away.

"I went on my horse, after we were dismissed, down to the hospital at Balaklava, where I had my wound dressed, and was indeed very well attended to. Then I was taken to Scutari, where Miss Nightingale — 'God bless her,' say I — was in charge of the hospital, and, after a severe attack of cholera, was sent invalidated back to England, was inspected at Chatham by her Majesty; had my medals, discharge, and pension — and — that's all, sir. Your health! and so good-night!"

THE FIRST RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER. — From the Stockholm *Aftonblad* of Nov. 15, 1855:

"The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703. Peter the Great not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, in which are marks and alterations in his own hand. There are two complete copies of the first year's edition of this newspaper in the imperial library of St. Petersburg. They are the only two which have been preserved; and on occasion of the centennial celebration of the University of Moscow on the 24th of January last, the director of the library, Baron Modest von Korff, produced a faithful reprint of the journal thus edited and corrected. It forms an octavo volume, and contains also a history of Russian newspaper literature."

CATO. — If Cicero had too little character, Cato too much. . . . Public virtue is like gold, if it is to be current, it must be alloyed. Cato left the alloy out, and cared little whether his coin circulated or not; all he knew was, that its purity must never be tampered with, and that whoever would not receive it as he tendered it must be corrupt or criminal. He was a good orator, but his oratory was in vain; he was always ready with advice, but it was advice in-

capable of being put in practice; he was esteemed by all, but with an esteem that bore no fruit. Inflexibly and almost savagely austere, he was one of those men whom posterity place in their Valhallas, but whom nations, unless for example's sake, deny admittance to their councils — the most irreproachable of virtuous men, but the most useless. — *Lamartine's History of Cæsar*.

POSTAL DIRECTIONS. — The Lord Protector in 1549 directs thus — "To our very good friend the Lord Dacre, Warden of the West Marches for anempst Scotland, in haste, haste, post haste, for thy life, for thy life, for thy life."

The despatches back, for it seems all went by the ordinary post, are directed with equal care. — "To the right honorable my Lord Protector's grace, in haste, haste, post haste, for thy life, for thy life, haste, haste!" Again, "In haste, — haste — post haste, with all diligence possible." — *Nicolson and Burn's Westmoreland and Cumberland*; vol. I., p. 73, &c.

EQUIVALENT HONORS. — If it is a happiness to be nobly descended, it is no less to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether you are so or not. — *La Bruyère*.

From the Ladies' Companion.

## THE HISTORY OF LITTLE BRIDGET.

(Translated from the German of Stein.)

LITTLE BRIDGET, when I first saw her, was no longer quite a child, being already thirteen years of age; but she was very little and a sad cripple. Judging from her height you would have taken her for six or seven. She was very deaf, spoke most unintelligibly, was most painfully deformed, and her face looked as if it belonged to a person of forty years of age. She always appeared very serious and ill-tempered—I had almost said morose; and if she did occasionally smile, it had such a painful appearance that one hardly knew whether to grieve or to rejoice.

Her parents were poor people; and one day, as I entered their cottage to offer her father a job of work, I saw Bridget standing amidst a merry, rosy-cheeked group of her brothers and sisters. I was so startled by her appearance that I had almost forgotten the object of my visit, and could only stand staring at the poor little girl's old wizened-looking face.

"Yes," said Bridget's mother, who seemed to guess the current of my thoughts, "that child is a sad trouble; she is nearly thirteen and can neither read nor say her prayers. At school they can do nothing with her, and I have no time to devote to her; so, you see, she grows up any how—though, goodness knows, one cannot exactly say that she grows."

The little one, perhaps, understood a great part of this speech, for she retired with dignified ill-humor into a corner of the window.

"Yes," continued the mother, "what is to become of her I don't know. She can do nothing, and she has learnt nothing. It is a sad thing when the two come together."

"Is she a good child?"

"Good! well, I hardly know, myself; have so little time, and she doesn't talk much, but goes her own way. She does not beat her brothers and sisters—I must say that; and when I ask her to do anything that she can do, peel potatoes, or anything of that sort, she does it without any objection, and is very industrious about it; but, at the same time, most dreadfully slow."

I looked, with unspeakable compassion, at the poor little thing; it grieved my heart to look, and yet I could not help doing so. I gave a small piece of money to each of the

children, simply for the sake of an excuse for giving a trifle to Bridget. When her mother called her to me, she gave me a disdainful look, held out her hand sullenly, and muttered a few words, which I did not understand; if it was a "thank you," it was, at any rate, an unfriendly one. I went away, but the image of the little one went with me. I could think of nothing but that miserable old-looking face, and the gray eyes that had been fixed upon me so scrutinizingly. In a few days I had arranged my plans; I begged Bridget's parents to confide the child to me, and, taking her to my country estate, placed her under the village schoolmaster, who had an excellent wife, and was himself a very good man.

In three years' time Bridget had acquired some notion of religion—as much, perhaps, as was requisite for her; she could read and write too, but no one understood what she read. I called often to see her: she had gradually become accustomed to me; I often praised her; and when I first told her that she was a sensible little girl, to whom a great deal could be trusted, she smiled gratefully and joyously.

I reflected a long time upon the position that Bridget seemed fitted to fill in the world; at last I discovered a suitable occupation, and, after the expiration of those three years, took her on to the estate, and gave her the charge of all the poultry. The employment seemed made for her; she had not grown at all, and a curious sight it was to see her, when, armed with her little switch, she went the round of the poultry-yard, calling the fowls together in her murmuring way, and taking care of them. It was easy to see, in her anxiety about them, that a rich treasure of love lay hidden in the heart of this poor little cripple.

Her sole thought, from morning till night, was how best to preserve her hens, ducks, turkeys, and geese; the sick, the lame, and, above all, the crippled amongst them, she nursed with unwearied care. Every morning she handed over the eggs in the kitchen; she would walk in with her dignified air, noticing no one, lay the eggs on the kitchen table, and go away again without uttering a syllable. The number of the eggs and of the fowls that had been killed, or sold, she reckoned after a singular fashion. For every egg she made a stroke in her book; and then, further off,

was written, in letters an inch long — “for one hen,” “for one duck,” “for one goose;” and the price of each was indicated by strokes. She handed this account in to me, and I always told her that I understood it all, and that she was very neat, which made her happy for a long time to come.

Bridget had had the charge of the poultry-yard for a year, when the schoolmaster's wife was taken ill. She came to me, and I guessed, rather than understood, what she wanted, and said, “You wish to go and see your foster-mother?”

She nodded her head, and still continued mumbling.

“You would perhaps like to stay all night there, if things are very bad?”

This was what she wished; so I proposed that some one should drive her over; but she declined the offer contemptuously, and soon after left the yard, her switch in one hand, and in the other a little basket containing a few sick chickens.

The next day I went to see the invalid: she was suffering a great deal. Bridget was seated on a little stool by her side. The poor woman told me, in a feeble voice, that the child had been keeping watch by her all night, and could not be made to move away, but that it was too much for one so delicate, and begged me to desire her not to do it again.

I spoke to Bridget about it. She looked at me disdainfully, but made no reply. They told me that she never left the room excepting to see after the sick chickens; that she had eaten nothing, and had only had a little milk to drink.

The schoolmaster's wife died a week afterwards. Bridget had not been in bed once, in fact she never stirred from the invalid. She neither spoke nor cried; only now and then she stroked the sufferer's hand, who smiled every time she did so, for she loved the poor little creature who was so devoted to her.

As soon as I heard of the poor woman's death, I drove over to fetch Bridget, who refused at first to return with me, till I asked her, “What will become of the poultry if you do not look after them, Bridget? That is your duty, you know.”

After the death of her foster-mother, Bridget held herself more than ever aloof from every one, living only for the fowls.

Half-a-year afterwards she was taken ill; I sent for a doctor, but he said that he could not save her, and that it was quite a wonder that the poor little girl had lived so long. I could not help feeling very sad, having become so accustomed to the poor little creature, whom I had tried to benefit by kind treatment.

I went to see Bridget on her sick bed; she could only converse with me by signs; her face looked graver and older than ever, as her eyes wandered now and then to some crippled birds, who lay or ran about in the room. When I last saw her, her glance rested uneasily upon one spot; I saw that her eyes were rivetted upon a bundle which was carefully wrapt up in paper. At length she feebly raised her little hand, and signed to me to give it to her. When I had done so, she handed the packet to me with a great effort. She smiled, almost pleasantly, and attempted with her little hard, deformed hand to press mine.

It was very affecting, and I could not restrain my tears; she signed to me to leave her then, and a few minutes afterwards they told me she was dead.

The packet contained the feathers which Bridget had collected from the ducks, hens, and peacocks, which there were also on the estate.

I placed some of them in a vase in which they may still be seen, for I shall keep them ever in remembrance of the poor little girl who was externally so unprepossessing, but was nevertheless endowed with a heart so warm and faithful.

ST. PATRICK — A WONDERFUL PREACHER. — Of all preachers St. Patrick was the most tremendous. He went through the four Gospels in one exposition to the Irish at a place called Finnablaire, and he was three days and nights

about it, without intermission, to the great delight of the hearers, who thought that only one day had passed. St. Bridget was present, and she took a comfortable nap, and had a vision. — *Joceline's Life of St. Patrick*, p. 81-2.



From Chambers' Journal.

## UP A COURT.

Two or three years ago, I established myself in one of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire, with the intention of there commencing my career as an artist. I was young and little known; and though I had studied assiduously, and felt very confident in my own capabilities for the so-called higher walks of art, yet, as the public at that time showed no particular admiration of my productions, I found it convenient to abandon for a time my ambitious dreams, and apply myself to portrait-painting, in order to procure daily bread. I soon obtained a tolerable amount of miscellaneous patronage, and the constant succession of sitters of every grade made my occupation an amusing one.

I was about to cease from my labors one Saturday afternoon, when a low knock at the door attracted my attention. "Come in!" I cried; and the door opening, a man entered, whose soiled moleskin dress, sprinkled with cotton flakes, bespoke him a factory "hand."

"Beg pardon for disturbin' yo'," said my visitor; "but aw coom to see if you'd do a bit of a job for me?"

"What sort of a job?"

"Why, it's a little lad o' mine as is ill, an' we thinken as we could like to have his portrait ta'en wi' them colored chalks, if yo'd be so good as do it. You'd ha' to coom to our house, 'cause he's bedfast; but we'd be quite willin' to pay summat moor than th' usual charge for th' extra trouble as yo'd hev."

"O, I'll do it with pleasure," said I. "But when do you wish me to come?"

"Why, now, if yo' con," said my new patron; "for yo' seen we han but one place, an' it's not allus fit for a gentleman to go into; but of a Saturday-afternoon it's clyeaned up an' quite tidy; an' Willie'd be finely pleased to sit, if yo' could coom wi' me now."

I assented at once, packed up what I required, and we sallied forth.

"You are employed in a mill, I suppose," said I, as we walked on.

"Ay, aw'm a spinner at Wotton's. We stop 'n sooner of a Saturday, an' so aw took th' opportunity o' coomin'."

"And your little boy—what is the matter with him?"

"Why, aw'm fear'd he's in a consumption. He geet his back hurt when he wur a little un, an' he's never looked up sin'. Poor thing! he's worn away till he's nowt but skin an' bone, and has a terrible cough, as well'y shakes him to pieces. But he's allus lively, though he cannot stir off his little bed; an' he's as merry as a cricket when he sees me coomin' whoam at neet, 'specially if he spies a new book stickin' out o' my jacket-pocket. He likes readin', an' aw buy him a book when aw've a spare shillin'. But here's Grime's Court; we mun turn up here, if yo' please'n."

Turning out of the dingy street we had been traversing, we entered a gloomy little court, containing much dirt and many children; where the heat from the closely packed houses, combining with the natural warmth of the air, produced an atmosphere like that of a baker's oven. The contributions of the inhabitants, in the shape of rotten vegetables, ashes, and dirty water, formed a confused and odorous heap in the centre of the court; and, amongst these ancient relics, a wretched, misanthropic-looking hen was digging with the zeal of an antiquary.

"Why is this rubbish suffered to lie here?" said I: "the scent from it must be both offensive and injurious. Are there no receptacles for these matters?—no sewers to receive this filthy water?"

"There's a sewer, but it's choked up; an' when we teem'n ony watter down, it breyks through into that cellar at th' corner, an' then th' owd mon as lives in it grumbles, 'cause it runs on to his shelf, an' mars his bit o' meyt. So we're like to teem it down th' middle o' the court, an' let it go where it will. As for th' ashes, an' 'tato-pillin's, an' sich like, we'n nowhere else to put 'em, for we cannot brun 'em."

"Have you no yard behind your house?" I inquired.

"No; th' cottages as they build'n now are mostly set back to back, to save room an' bricks. There's but two places in 'em, one above, an' one below; so we're like to put th' victuals an' th' coals under th' stairs. It's terribly thrutchin' wark, they moight think as poor folk needed no breathin'-room."

It seemed to have been cleaning-day at all the houses; the floors, visible through the open doors, were newly washed and sanded; the women in clean caps and

aprons, with faces glowing from a recent scrubbing, were setting the tea-things with a pleasant clatter; whilst their husbands, most of them pale-faced operatives, lounged outside enjoying their Saturday evening's leisure.

A pleasant-looking, neatly-dressed woman met us at the door of the house before which my conductor halted, and with a smile and a courtesy invited me to enter. The room, though small, and crowded with furniture, was extremely clean, and as neatly arranged as the heterogeneous nature of its contents would permit. An old clock, with a dim, absent-looking face, ticked merrily in one corner, and on the chest of drawers opposite the door, were a number of books, a stag's horn, and a stuffed owl, which squinted with one of his glass eyes, and stood on his legs with the air of a bird who was more than half-seas over.

"Is that Mr. Worthington, father?" said a small weak voice.

"Ay, this is him, Willie," said my companion, going towards the window, beside which I now perceived a small bed, and in it a little deformed boy. He was propped up with pillows, and held out his thin hand with a smile as I approached him. The pale face, over which the almost transparent skin seemed tightly drawn, the large, bright, eager eyes, and parched lips of the little patient, told but too plainly the nature of his disease. His mother was still busy with his toilet, or, as she phrased it, "smoddin' him up a bit;" so, taking a seat beside him, I arranged my paper and pencils, whilst the good woman brushed his hair and smoothed the collar of his night-dress.

"There, aw think he'll do now, John — will n't he?" said she, addressing her husband, who had watched her operations with great interest.

"Thou's made him look gradely weel," answered John; "an' so now, Mr. Worthington, we'll leave Willie an' yo' to keep house, whilst my wife an' me goes to th' market."

The worthy couple departed; and I commenced my sketch, feeling rather doubtful whether I could reproduce on paper the little, wan, half-infantine, half-aged face that looked up at me with a strange, quiet smile.

"Are you not weary sometimes, Willie, with lying here constantly?" I inquired.

"Sometimes," he answered, "but not often: there's always somethin' to look at, you see; either th' childer outside, or th'

old hen, or th' donkey-man as sells blackin'. Once," continued Willie, growing confidential, "there was a real Punch an' Judy came into th' court, an' th' man as was with it saw me through th' window, an' asked mother if I was bedridden; an' when she told him I was, he brought Punch an' Judy close to th' window, an' let me watch 'em ever such a while; an' he said he'd come again some time."

"Have you some plants there, Willie?" said I, pointing to two black jugs, filled with soil, in which some small brown stumps were visible.

"Yes; they're rose-trees as mother set for me. She says they're dead; but there may be a little bit of 'em alive somewhere, an' so I water 'em every day still. An' see, father's made me a garden in th' window here," added he, proudly exhibiting a large plate, covered with a piece of wet flannel, on which mustard-seed had been strewn. The seed, sprouting forth vigorously, had covered the surface of the plate with bright-green vegetation. "Isn't it nice?" said he, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Sometimes I put my eyes close to it, an' look through between the stalks, an' then I can almost fancy it's a great forest, an' every little stalk a big tree, an' me ramblin' about among 'em like Robinson Crusoe."

"Have you read *Robinson Crusoe*, Willie?" I asked.

"Yes, many a time," he answered. "Look, I've these books too;" and he drew a couple of volumes from beneath the pillow — *Bruce's Travels* and *Typee*. "An' father's promised me a new book when he gets his wages raised."

He had talked too eagerly, and was stopped by a dreadful fit of coughing, which left him panting and exhausted. He lay quiet, and listened delightedly, whilst I described to him what I had witnessed in the course of my own limited rambles; yet showing, by his minute questions, that eager and painful longing for a sight of the open country which the sick so often display. When, finally, I promised to bring him some flowers at my next visit, his joy knew no bounds.

We had become fast friends by the time the father and mother returned; and great was their delight when I exhibited my sketch, already more than half finished, and in which I had succeeded beyond my expectations. The child's artless talk, and the simple kind-

liness of the parents, interested and pleased me, and I continued to work zealously at the portrait till the twilight, which fell in Grime's Court two hours earlier than anywhere else, compelled me to cease. Promising to return on the following Saturday to complete the work, I departed, after receiving a kiss from Willie, who held me by the collar, whilst he enjoined me to be punctual, and to mind and bring the flowers.

Saturday-afternoon arrived in due course, and having furnished myself with a bouquet as large as a besom, I betook myself early to Grime's Court. Willie was watching for me, at the window, and clapped his hands for joy at the sight of my floral prize. Whilst I resumed my task, he busied himself in examining, arranging, and rearranging his treasure, discovering new beauties every moment, and peeping into the flower-cups as if they were little fairy palaces, filled with untold wonders, as they doubtless were to him. The portrait was just finished when John came home, and he and his wife vied with each other in expressing admiration of my performance.

"Aw 'm sure yo 're nother paid nor haulf-paid wi' what yo' charge 'n,' said he, as he placed the payment in my hand; "but aw 'll try to come out o' yer debt some time, if aw live."

"An' mony thanks to yo', sir," said the mother, "for th' pleasure as yo'n gin to th' child. There's nothin' pleases him like flowers, an' he so seldom gets ony."

"Willie's full o' presents to-day," said John: "see thee, lad!" and he drew forth a new book, and placed it in the child's outstretched hands.

"Look, look, Mr. Worthington!" cried Willie, his little face flushed with excitement and pleasure; "a *Journey Round the World*, and full of pictures — only look!"

"Ay, aw thought that would please thee," said his gratified father. "Now thou can ramble round th' world bout stirring off thy bed. But stop a bit, Mr. Worthington," he added, as I was preparing to depart, "aw 've summat to fetch down stairs before yo' go'n; sit yo' down a minute;" and John vanished up the stairs, whence he speedily returned with a small parcel in his hand. Unfolding the paper, he displayed a long, narrow box, formed out of a piece of curiously marked wood. On the lid, an owl's head, evidently copied from the squinting individual on the

drawers, was carved with considerable skill. "Is that your work, John?" exclaimed I, in some surprise.

"Ay," said John, with a grin. "Aw see 'd as yo' carried yer pencils an' t' other things lapped up in a piece o' papper, an' aw thought a box would be a deal handier; so aw 've made this at neets, when aw 'd done my work, an' aw's feel very proud if yo' 'll accept on 't."

"That I will," said I; "and thank you heartily. But how is this, John? — why, you are quite an artist! Where did you learn to carve so well?"

"Aw took it up o' mysel' when aw wur a lad, an' aw carve bits of things now and then for th' neighbor's childer; but yo' see aw cannot make th' patterns for 'em, so aw geet th' designer at our mill to draw me that owl's yead fro' this on th' drawers, an' then aw cut it out. Willie can draw a bit: aw 'll warrant he 'll copy most o' them flowers as yo'n brought him, afore they wither'n: will t'ou not, Willie?"

The boy lay still, with his face turned towards the window, and did not answer.

"Willie! Willie! — why surely he has n't fall'n asleep already," said his mother, approaching the bed. He had — into the long deep sleep, from which there is no earthly awaking. With the book clasped to his breast, the drooping flowers falling from his hands, the child had died, without a sigh or a struggle.

I stood long beside the bed, listening silently to the mother's wail and the father's smothered sobs, feeling it vain and useless to offer words of comfort till their wild grief had spent itself.

"Hush, Martha, woman!" said John at last, laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, and trying to command his shaking voice; "hush! dunnot tak' on so. It's a comfort, after a', to see him die wi' smiles on his face, than if he 'd gone i' pain. He went when he wur at th' happiest, an' we 'll hope he's happier still now."

"John," said the mother, looking up, "let's not stir th' book an' th' flowers; it would be a sin to tak' 'em fro' him; let 'em be buried wi' him."

Two days later, I helped to carry little Willie to a quiet church-yard, some distance from the town, where we laid him in a sunny corner, with the book and the withered flowers upon his breast.

From The United Service Magazine.  
AN ARMENIAN FAMILY.

AGOP CELIBE\* is an Armenian of rank, that is to say, very wealthy,—one of the Sultan's bankers, treasurers, and factotums. He is a man of about fifty-five years of age; has a stooping gait,—what Armenian has not? He is an ugly specimen of the *genus humanum*. Two cunning grayish-green eyes are centred under two shaggy eyebrows, topped by a moppish head of hair, which is, however, generally hid under the fez. He wears moustaches and no beard. His usual costume consists of a straight-cut frock-coat and dark trousers. There is something of the hog about this man, and his politeness reminds you of the awkward feats performed by the dancing bear. He speaks from the throat in a guttural manner, and his voice is coarse. Everything about him betrays a low origin, and a coarse, sensual nature. Yet he is not wanting in kind feeling, and his dislike of witnessing suffering is such that he gives alms freely when he meets beggars and squalling children. An appeal to his generosity in the behalf of some unknown sufferer would, however, scarcely be listened to. He spends every day of his life at the Sultan's palace, either cringing in the antechambers, or otherwise crouching about that vast edifice. I am told that his Imperial Majesty is very fond of him, and delights in his conversation, for he is as witty and amusing as he is cunning.

With the Turk the Armenian is a humble dog, crouching and literally kissing his feet and the hem of his garment, and this to all from whom there is some prospect, be it ever so distant, of obtaining any advantage. His life is spent in low, cowering submission, and in venting mean adulation on his master race, the Turk. He will hold the Pasha's stirrup as he mounts his horse, and kiss the foot he places in it. He is exacting, unfeeling, ay, cruel. The Armenian gathers in the taxes of the province. He has advanced sums to the brutal Pasha, whose shadow he is, and the firman for levying the contributions devolves upon him. He is heartless in the execution of this task, and screws out the last para from the people, repaying himself a hundred-fold for the advances he has made to the governor of the province. At home he is cross and overbearing towards his menials, and expects as much cringing and flattery from them as he expends himself upon the Turk,—tributes of respect and alacrity of service, salaams and genuflexions.

Agop Celibe has a species of *r  union* of his followers in the morning, when they pay

\* "Celibe" is the Turkish for "Mr." as applied to a Christian. "Effendi" is only addressed to a Turk.

him the tribute due to his superior wealth and position, and when they discuss the news, and plan little financial campaigns, and smoke sundry pipes, drinking the accompanying number of cups of coffee. According to a European standard, they are rogues all over; judged by their own eastern estimate of talent and virtue, they are only clever fellows. Here, as at the Pasha's seraglio, the etiquette of hand-kissing is exacted; and it were troublesome to count how many times it is raised by the satellites to salute their countryman and chief. They act as his scouts and helpmates, and pull all together towards the same end—the accumulation of lucre.

The Armenian is cold and calculating. They all resemble each other—know one and know them all. They have no passions, no temper. This resemblance is not only remarkable in a moral point of view, but also physically. The same quiet, dark-featured, handsome men, with those peering eyes, and that never-changing, semi-frowning, contracted eyebrow. Everything is turned to advantage. Adepts at intrigue, they read men's thoughts by their looks, taking note of all their habits, private circumstances, peculiar inclinations and antipathies, and building their system of attack upon a judgment formed upon the whole. Persevering, never too much humiliated, also pliable and mean. Dreadful cowards, whining at the approach of danger, and trembling at its presence. Very fond of the good things of this world, their palaces are elegant, and in some respects their tastes are refined. They are all engaged in some species of industry, or rather in many branches, making money nobody knows how, and, as a friend once remarked to me, even out of old sticks and stones. They supply the Turks with whatever their caprice may want or their appetite desire, no step in the social ladder being too low for them to tread, provided it leads to the accumulation of wealth, the god they worship, Baal.

They are all either Roman Catholics or of the schismatic form of the Armenian Church. Not a few have been converted to Protestantism by the American missionaries, and have visited America in that character. Religion was not, however, the motive that prompted them to abandon the faith of their fathers (if in reality they did secede), but the opening of a road to new gains, and the help given them by the zealous friends of Protestant proselytism.

Agop Celibe is a great Armenian, as I have already said; one of the most wealthy—the Sultan's banker and jeweller, or rather one of them, for he has several. He has an only



daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen summers, and his wife, a lady of his own age, who, however, looks a good deal older.

Katinka is a delicately-formed young creature, with large, dark, fiery, gazelle eyes, and very perfect acute features, a small aquiline nose; one of those profiles which are reflected upon the wall in distinct forms, perhaps a little too sharp. Her mouth is small and satirical; the lips rather composed betray a little temper. She is about the middle size of woman's stature, but very delicately formed and admirably proportioned, with the exception of her feet, which are ridiculously small. Her hands are small and pretty, but not so *mignon*. She knows this, and wears short dresses, and tells you she prefers them, they are so much less untidy. She is if anything too sharp, witty, satirical, and intelligent—quite a European little lady; speaks six languages, Turkish, Armenian, French, Italian, Greek, and a little English; reads the French novels by Dumas, George Sand, Balzac, Sue, and even Paul de Kock. She dresses *alla franca*, and very well and in good taste, her small, tiny waist generally encircled by a handsome Paris riband. A sylph-like creature, sprightly, amusing, and excessively lively; delights in teasing everybody, a little spoiled, but very ladylike withal. Jealous of every other woman with pretensions to beauty, and cutting in her remarks about them, not a little given to gossip, and very fond of attention. Agop Celibe is very fond of her, and calls her *Guzelim* (my beauty). The old custom of almost servile obedience from children to their parents still exists amongst the Armenians. *Guzelim* has, however, pretty well emancipated herself; a tinge of this feeling is, however, still observable in the change of her manner towards her male parent. In summer they occupy a magnificent villa on the Bosphorus; their winter residence is at Pera. The Armenians of the better classes are very hospitable to strangers; indeed, they have many good qualities to recommend them.

On a summer evening you arrive at their country-house on the Bosphorus, either on horseback or *en caïque*, and are received with genuine hospitality. You are not asked, but as a matter of course stay to dinner and over night. In the East, people dine late, after sunset; eight o'clock is the usual hour. Immediately on your arrival, sweet-meats, coffee, and pipes are handed to you. This is a very pretty custom. *Rose compot*, or *jasmine* (they have several kinds, the one more delicious than the other), is presented to you. You take a spoonful, after which you drink a glass of water, and then proceed to coffee in *filagree* cup and an amber-mouthed *chibouk*. If you know Turkish, that lan-

guage is spoken, otherwise French is generally spoken with a stranger. At dinner, which is a semi-French meal, interspersed with a few Armenian, Greek, or Turkish dishes, *Cokona* (Madame, the lady of the house), or *Celibe* himself, points you out the best morsels; and *Katinka*, who enjoys fun, laughs if you eat them out of compliment, and do not like them, and immediately renews the invitation. This young lady, though always humming airs, does not either play or sing. She does not care much about music except to dance to, and seems possessed of a sixth sense, which has found its seat in her feet. She loves dancing to madness, and luxuriates in waltzes, polkas, and mazurkas, but especially the latter dances, at which she is an adept. She loves to ogle with her large, almond-shaped eyes, and to fascinate you by their irresistible power. They express no sweetness, but great passion and a wonderful rapidity of intelligence. Yet she has not a bad little heart either. Much sentiment is not, however, in her composition; though she is capable of strong, but I should not think lasting, impulses and likings—not exactly the lady to love and obey, but desirous of commanding obedience from the object of her caprice. Much of this capriciousness is, however, attributable to ill health, for *Katinka* is the survivor of six brothers and sisters, and is herself threatened with consumption; and at times she is low, downcast, and despondent, and the glassy brilliancy of her large black eyes, encircled in their pure China-blue orbits, betray the incipient progress of that sad disease. In the winter, at the embassy balls at Pera, she shines with diamonds, of which her father possesses a great stock, as does she indeed herself, in the shape of bracelets, chains, diamond ear-rings, and brooches innumerable and of immense size. They are, however, only sported on grand occasions. There is some talk of her being married to a young Frenchman. She denies it stoutly, though she confesses to have a strong predilection for that gallant nation, and always tells me *je deteste les Anglais*, adding, in a satirically polite manner, "*Mais vous faites exception*—you are more a foreigner than an Englishman."

*Cokona*, the mamma, wears the head-dress of her nation, and retains in her apparel remnants of the Armenian costume. A species of gauze turban, intermixed with plaited false hair and ringlets, encircles her forehead. She is a very kind old dame, with the remains of great beauty, very nervous and superstitious, and highly prejudiced. If a window is broken, she is out of sorts for the whole day, as a great quarrel amongst the household must ensue. A door left ajar

indicates a similar domestic revolution. Greek servants (all Rayahs) abound about the house, all dressed in their costume, with that elegant hussar-like double jacket, loose petticoat trousers (not the Albanian skirt), and the fez (red cap, with black silken tassel) as head-dress.

Agop Celibe is a great horse-fancier. His stable contains two carriage and fourteen saddle-horses, mostly presents from the Sultan or from pashas, all long-tailed piebald Egyptians, ugly things; but especially valued by him for their peculiarities. The favorite, "Dervish," has a tail which trails for two yards upon the ground. It is plaited and tucked up, only being loosened for the inspection of strangers and visitors. His whole head is flesh color, one of his eyes bright blue, the other as black as jet. Agop Celibe delights in puffing smoke up his nose out of his chibouk, which the animal inhales with evident pleasure, puffing it out again with the tears running from his eyes.

These horses are scarcely ever used. They are led out daily by the grooms. They are well-fed, pampered pets, and, considering their sedentary life, wanting in spirit. They are all stallions.

In his youth Agop Celibe was a very immoral character, if such a term can be applied to the East, and great sums were spent by him in the purchase of sensual enjoyments. It cannot be said that he was a man of what is termed an amorous disposition, or given to adventures and escapades, but he was known to have numerous fair mistresses. He was once exiled from Turkey by the late Sultan, being accused of some financial transgression, and travelled to Italy and France. He still loves to talk of *le belle Siennese* and the *care Fiorentine*. All his friends, with the exception of his present wife, abandoned him on this occasion; who proved to him the

truth of the old proverb that a friend in need is a friend indeed. She was at that time not linked to him in holy matrimony, she nevertheless sold her jewels to send him remittances. After a few years he was enabled to return, and regained his old influence at court and amongst his countrymen. He married her out of gratitude, which betrays noble feeling and a heart even in an Armenian.

Many a pleasant evening have I spent at Agop Celibe's, at his villa on the Bosphorus, dancing with Miss Katinka at polka and mazurka, until I thought the gunpowder would run out at the heels of my boots, according to the old story, and I lay down upon the divan utterly exhausted, whilst the young damsel took a turn with somebody else, as fresh as ever. "One more polka — O! one more — only one," until at last the unfortunate flute and guitar-players, who had been fetched from the neighboring village, refused a further performance.

Coffee and a pipe are offered to you before retiring for the night, and when I have sought my chamber I have dropped asleep as if it was intended that I never should wake again.

My visits to Agop Celibe have left pleasant reminiscences, and will remain amongst the most agreeable recollections that I can carry away from the East. There are Armenians of different classes, and they are a people divided amongst themselves by religious differences. The schismatic Armenians hide their women under the yashmak, like the Turks. A history of this peculiar people would be highly interesting, their religious feuds and different customs. The above is merely a faithful sketch of a family as I found them — kind, hospitable, and entertaining.

**THEORY OF ODORS.** — Scents, like sounds, appear to influence the olfactory nerve in certain definite degrees. There is, as it were, an octave of odors like an octave in music; certain odors coincide, like the keys of an instrument. Such as almond, heliotrope, vanilla, and orange-blossom blend together, each producing different degrees of a nearly similar impression. Again, we have citron, lemon, orange-peel, and verbena, forming a higher octave of smells, which blend in a similar manner. The metaphor is

completed by what we are pleased to call semi-odors, such as rose and rose-geranium for the half note; petty grain, neroli a black key, followed by fleur d'orange. Then we have patchouli, sandal-wood, and vitivert, and many others running into each other. From the odors already known we may produce, by uniting them in proper proportion, the smell of almost any flower except jasmine. — *Piesse's Art of Perfumery.*

From Chambers' Journal.

## POEMS BY ISA.\*

WE rarely notice poetry; and the reason is, that it would be difficult to know where to begin, and still more so to imagine where the labor would end. The minor poetry of the day is quite oppressive by its quantity, and not the less so that it is highly respectable in its quality. From the inside of the pretty volumes, however, that deck our table every week, an agreeable conclusion, we are happy to say, is inevitable—that the national mind is growing more and more refined and elegant; and from the outside, another scarcely less pleasing, that poverty is ceasing to be the badge of the poetical tribe.

But there is one volume we cannot allow to glide away with the rest, since it contains not merely genuine poetry of the universal class—poetry of the affections—but is interesting from its being the production of leisure hours—hours stolen from sleep after a day spent by its young and simple-minded authoress in the dreary, monotonous, and ill-requited labors of a sempstress. But we are perhaps wrong in saying that hours so spent are stolen from sleep; for in such moments the senses are in a profound slumber, and the mind alone is awake, expatiating in dreams that differ from those of sleep only in their method and coherency.

Isa was first discovered (like a wild violet) by the worthy proprietor of the *Scotsman*, and, notwithstanding her mechanical occupation, is received and cherished by families in a more prosperous condition. Being a gentle, modest, simple, genuine Scottish lassie, we will allow her to speak to the hearts of our readers in her native Doric:

## THE AE LAMB O' THE FAULD.

In yon rude lanely sheilin',  
Near nae ither house nor hault,  
There dwelt a hillside shepherd,  
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.  
A gray-haired rugged carle was he,  
Wi' broo fu' stern an' bauld,  
Wha said his sweet wee Janet  
Was the ae lamb o' his fauld.

O! blithe an' bonny was the bairn,  
A gleesome thing was she,  
As wi' her flock she strayed amang  
The hills where rises Dee.  
Her weel-lo'ed mother dee'd when she  
Was scarce six simmers auld,  
An' left the shepherd lanely  
Wi' the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He took her in the simmer where  
A bothy he had made,  
Whene'er she tired he carried her,  
An' wrapped her in his plaid;

An' he sang wild Border ballads,  
An' fairy tales he tauld,  
While restin' on the hillside  
Wi' the ae lamb o' his fauld.

In winter she would trim the fire  
When daylight wore awa',  
An' in the window set the lamp  
To guide him through the snaw;  
Then, laid aside his drippin' plaid,  
Her arms wad him enfauld,  
When he cam back weat an' weary  
To the ae lamb o' his fauld.

The mountain blasts are bleak an' chill,  
An' she grew thin an' weak;  
There cam a wild licht to her e'e,  
A strange red to her cheek;  
And O! sae fast she faded, till  
Ae winter mornin' cauld,  
Dead, on her father's bosom,  
Lay the ae lamb o' the fauld.

He stood uncovered in the drift,  
An' saw the wee grave made,  
Nane daured to comfort, when away  
He tearless turned, an' said:  
"There's nae licht in the sheilin' noo;  
My hearth will aye be cauld;  
I've nocht on earth to care for  
Sin' my ae lamb's i' THE FAULD."

The above we take to be a master-piece of its kind, and we are sure our opinion will be endorsed by every reader who has a heart in his bosom. The next specimen is in English, and exhibits Isa in her moralizing mood:

## GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home was joy and sorrow  
Where an infant first drew breath,  
While an aged sire was drawing  
Near unto the gate of death.  
His feeble pulse was failing,  
And his eye was growing dim;  
He was standing on the threshold  
When they brought the babe to him

While to murmur forth a blessing  
On the little one he tried,  
In his trembling arms he raised it,  
Pressed it to his lips, and died.  
An awful darkness resteth  
On the path they both begin,  
Who thus met upon the threshold,  
Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,  
Coming in unto the fight—  
Coming in unto the darkness,  
Going out unto the light,  
Although the shadow deepened  
In the moment of eclipse,  
When he passed through the dread portal,  
With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers  
As he conquered in the strife,  
Life is but the way of dying—  
Death is but the gate of life;

\* *Poems by Isa.* William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1856.

Yet awful darkness resteth  
On the path we all begin,  
Where we meet upon the threshold,  
Going out and coming in.

We conclude with the following exquisite picture, for Isa, even in her didactic vein, is essentially picturesque:

THE BLIND BAIRN.

The wee blind beggar bairnie sits  
Close to that woman's feet,  
An' there he nestles frae the cauld,  
An' shelters frae the heat.  
I ken nae if he be her ain,  
But kindly does she speak,  
For blessed God makes woman love  
The helpless an' the weak.

I'm wae to see his wistfu' face,  
As weary day by day  
He cowers sae still an' silent there,  
While ither bairnies play.  
The sigh that lifts his breastie comes,  
Like sad winds frae the sea,  
Wi' sic a dreary sough, as wad  
Bring tears into yer e'e.

I'm wae to see his high braid broo,  
Sae thochtfu' an' sae wan;  
His look o' care, that were mair fit  
For a world-weary man.  
O! the dark emptiness within,  
Thochts that no rest can know,  
An' shapeless forms that vex him,  
Wi' their hurrying to an' fro.

An' now she lifts him in her arms,  
His wakin' nicht is past,  
An' round his sma' and wasted form  
Her tattered shawl is cast.  
His face is buried in her neck,  
An' close to her he clings,  
For faith an' love hae filled his heart,  
An' they are blessed things.

She bears him through the bustlin' crowd,  
But noo he fears nae harm,  
He'll sleep within her bosom too—  
To him it's saft and warm.  
O, her ain weary heart wad close  
In wretchedness an' sin,  
But he keeps in 't an open door,  
For God to enter in.

THE THREE CONSTANT MARTYRS.—The three martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, were suffered sometimes to eat together in the prison of Bocarde. *Strype* says: "I have seen a book of their diet every dinner and supper, and the charge thereof; which was at the expense of Winkle and Wells, Bailiffs of the city at that time, under whose custody they were. As for example in this method:

"The first of October. Dinner.		
"Bread and Ale . . . . .	2d.	
Item Oysters . . . . .	1	
— Butter . . . . .	2	
— Eggs . . . . .	2	
— Lyng . . . . .	8	
— a piece of fresh Salmon . . .	10	
Wine . . . . .	8	
Cheese and Pears . . . . .	2	

2s. 6d.

"From this book of their expenses give me leave to make these few observations. They ate constantly suppers as well as dinners. Their meals amounted to about three or four shillings; seldom exceeding four. Their bread and ale commonly came to two or three pence. They had constantly cheese and pears for their last dish, both at dinner and supper, and always wine, the price whereof was ever three pence, and no more. The prices of their provisions (it being now an extraordinary dear time) were as follow: A goose 14d. A pig 12d. or 18d. A cony 6d. A woodcock 3d. and sometimes 5d. A couple of chickens 6d. Three plovers 10d. Half a dozen larks 3d. A dozen of larks and two plovers 10d. A breast of veal 11d. A shoulder of mutton 10d. Roast beef 12d.

"The last disbursements (which have melancholy in the reading) were these:

	s.	d.
"For three loads of wood-faggots to burn Ridley and Latimer	12	0
For one load of furs-faggots . . .	3	4
For the carriage of these four loads . . . . .	2	0
— a post . . . . .	1	4
— two chains . . . . .	3	4
— two staples . . . . .	0	6
— four laborers . . . . .	2	8

Then follow the charges for burning Cranmer:

"For an 100 of wood-faggots . . .	6	0
For 100 and 1-2 of furs-faggots . .	3	4
For the carriage of them . . . . .	0	8
To two laborers . . . . .	1	4

"It seems the superiors in those days were more zealous to send these three good men to Oxon, and there to serve their ends upon them, and afterwards to burn them, than they were careful honestly to pay the charges thereof. For Winkle and Wells, notwithstanding all their endeavors to get themselves reimbursed of what they had laid out, which came to £63 10s. 2d., could never get but £20. In 1566 they put up a petition to Archbishop Parker and the other Bishops, that they would among themselves raise and repay that sum which the said Bailiffs were out of purse, in feeding of these three reverend Fathers, 'otherwise they and their poor wives and children should be utterly undone,' and Laurence Humfrey, President of Magdalen College, wrote a letter in their behalf to Archbishop Parker."—*Strype's Cranmer*, p. 393.



From The Independent.

“ROLICKING DITTIES.”

THE following authentic incident, communicated by a clergyman, shows in a touching manner the popularity and influence of some severely-censured hymns and tunes.

DEAN.

In looking over the *Evangelist* of February 7th, my eye caught an article upon the *Plymouth Collection*. Most of the article is a quotation from *The New Englander*. Among other sentences I find the following :

“There are tunes here disgraceful to the volume as a book of worship. . . . Such gross vulgar melodies as, ‘I’m bound for the land of Canaan;’ such jolly rollicking ditties as, ‘O, that will be joyful,’ etc., etc.”

Now I could not help thinking as I read the above that the writer had not visited many Sabbath schools of late years, or at least that he had not heard five hundred or a thousand sweet, happy voices swelling in harmony and rolling out with a will,—

“There is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day !”

If he had been in many of our mission schools, and seen hundreds of children who had probably never been taught a word at home about “a happy land” or “saints in glory,” but who seemed to drink in the sentiment with the tune; or if he had the evidence which I have that the words coupled with the tune had made impressions upon young minds which probably no other means could have made, I think he would never have called them “Vulgar Melodies” or “Rollicking Ditties.” I shall never forget an incident connected with these tunes and these words, which occurred with me in mission labor some two or three years ago in this city. With permission I will relate it, the better to illustrate what I mean.

One day, as I was busily engaged in my study, a man about half drunk very uncere- moniously entered and handed me a note from the teacher of the infant-class of our Sabbath school, informing me that the bearer was the father of one of her scholars, that the child had met with an accident, and that they lived in such a place; she could not visit them, and she wished me to see to it.

I looked at the man; he was Irish, very repulsive in his appearance, and he answered my questions with a rough brogue.

“What is your name, sir, and where do you live?”

“My name is Pater M——; I live on an

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ould canal boat at the foot of Harrison street; I wint there whin I was burned out, and nobody at all has driv me out of it.”

“And what’s the matter with your child?”

“Och! and is it Kitty, my own little darling Kitty, the only child I’ve lift of the six that has been born til me? Och! Kitty, she was playing about on a ship where I was til wark, and she fell down the hatch-way and broke her leg (‘saving your priseness’), and poor Kitty’s leg is not set right, your Riverence, for I’ve no money til pay a docther. Och! poor Kitty, and I’ve nothing to give her to ate, your Riverence.”

“Well, Peter, I will come down and see Kitty, and see what I can do for you.”

I did so, and found a wretched state of things. The poor little suffering child was overjoyed to see me. I remembered her countenance—a sweet, mild little girl, not yet five years of age; she lay upon the “locker,” or side-seat of an old canal-boat, which had been laid up for the winter. There was no fire, though it was a bitter cold day, no chair, no bed, no food, scarcely an article of furniture or any comfort whatever. I did what I could to relieve the wants of the little sufferer; nothing could be done for the parents; they were both confirmed inebriates, and I found they had both been drunk the night previous, and in a quarrel had unintentionally knocked the child off the seat, and broken the limb again, after it had been set. I obtained the services of a surgeon and had the limb set again, and then sat down on the locker to talk to little Kitty, and fed her with some nourishing food which I had brought. I asked her if she could read. “No,” she could not read a word; “but I can sing,” said she. What can you sing? “Something I learned at Sabbath-school.” Well, what is it you can sing, Kitty? In a moment she burst out and sang with her sweet little voice:

“There is a happy land,  
Far, far away,  
Where saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day.”

Well, Kitty, that is sweet; where do you think the Land of Canaan is, Kitty? “O! I suppose it is up in the sky, where God lives, and where the angels live.” Do you think you will ever go there, Kitty? “If I’m good and love God, I think I shall.”

Now, Kitty, is there anything else you can sing for me before I go? “O! yes, sir, I can sing a little piece of another.” Well, what is that?

“All who love the Lord below  
When they die to heaven will go

And sing with saints above.  
O! that will be joyful,  
Joyful, joyful,  
O! that will be joyful,  
When we meet to part no more."

Poor Kitty! she could not read, nor could either of her parents read; she knew nothing about heaven and divine things except what she had been taught at Sabbath school. And most of what she remembered was associated with the words and sentiments sung to such

"gross vulgar melodies" and "jolly rollicking ditties" as "I'm bound to the land of Canaan," and "O! that will be joyful."

I would to God that we had more of such "ditties," or rather that the impressions made upon youthful minds by such "ditties" were more common; but I am more and more impressed that eternity alone will unfold the power of such simple truth, and simple yet sweet tunes, upon infant minds.

IMPOSSIBILITIES OF HISTORY.—I am not aware that the fact of Cranmer's holding his right hand in the flames till it was consumed has been questioned. Fox says:

"He stretched forth his right hand into the flames, and there held it so stedfast that all the people might see it burnt to a coal before his body was touched."—P. 927: ed. Milner, London, 1837, 8vo.

Or, as the passage is given in the last edition:

"And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so stedfast and immovable (saying that once with the same hand he wiped his face), that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched."—*Acts and Monuments*, ed. 1839, vol. viii. p. 90.

Burnet is more circumstantial:

"When he came to the stake he prayed, and then undressed himself: and being tied to it, as the fire was kindling, he stretched forth his right hand towards the flame, never moving it, save that once he wiped his face with it, till it was burnt away, which was consumed before the fire reached his body. He expressed no disorder from the pain he was in; sometimes saying, 'That unworthy hand;' and oft crying out, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' He was soon after quite burnt."—*Hist. of the Reformation*, vol. iii. p. 429, ed. 1825.

Hume says:

"He stretched out his hand, and, without betraying either by his countenance or motions the least sign of weakness, or even feeling, he held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed."—*Hume*, vol. iv. p. 476.

It is probable that Hume believed this, for while Burnet states positively as a fact, though only inferentially as a miracle, that "the heart was found entire and unconsumed among the ashes," Hume says, "it was pretended that his heart," &c.

I am not about to discuss the character of Cranmer: a timid man might have been roused

under such circumstances into attempting to do what it is said he did. The laws of physiology and combustion show that he could not have gone beyond the attempt. If a furnace were so constructed, that a man might hold his hand in the flame without burning his body, the shock to the nervous system would deprive him of all command over muscular action before the skin could be "entirely consumed." If the hand were chained over the fire, the shock would produce death.

In this case the fire was unconfined. Whoever has seen the effect of flame in the open air, must know that the vast quantity sufficient entirely to consume a human hand, must have destroyed the life of its owner; though, from a peculiar disposition of the wood, the vital parts might have been protected.

The entire story is utterly impossible. May we, guided by the words "as the fire was kindling," believe that he then thrust his right hand into the flame—a practice I believe not unusual with our martyrs, and peculiarly suitable to him—and class the "holding it till consumed" with the whole and unconsumed heart?

I may observe that in the accounts of martyrdoms little investigation was made as to what was possible. Burnet, describing Hooper's execution, says "one of his hands fell off before he died, with the other he continued to knock on his breast some time after." This, I have high medical authority for saying, could not be.—*Notes and Queries*.

It will be recollected that Louis Napoleon, some time ago, charged a commission with the task of collecting all the correspondence and papers of his uncle, Napoleon the First. The commission are hard at work, and have already come into possession of more matter than would fill one hundred volumes in quarto. It is said that the publication of these papers will throw an entirely new light upon the character and aims of the first Napoleon. A Paris letter-writer states that Thiers, the historian, lately said, speaking of this immense correspondence: "It will oblige me to add twelve volumes of postscript to my history."

## REMEMBRANCE.

FORGET! forget! nor longer vex  
Thy spirit with a losing strife:  
The past is dead; and death is death,  
Howe'er we make it show like life.

Even while thy lips to shadowy lips  
Thou pressest, thou art not deceived;  
Thy heart no self-beguiler knows;  
Even then too well itself bereaved.

Forget! forget! hear Nature's voice  
Within thee prompting soft and low:  
Time would steal daily thought on thought;  
Why keep the phantoms? let them go.

Thou answerest — Nature whispers too —  
"Love, joining once, has join'd forever;  
His bond so sacred, hearts by him  
Once bound must never wholly sever.

"The hand may press another's hand,  
Eye may beam love no more to eye;  
Yea, even another soul may be  
The dearest, yet Love will not die."

Yes, but remembrance, when the past  
Outshines the present, is but grief;  
And I would have thee not forget  
Only when memory is relief.

Joy and content not wholly dwell  
In memory or forgetfulness;  
Half kind, half cruel, each is strong,  
One while to torture, now to bless.

Forget not quite; nor yet too well  
Remember; let half-memory,  
That grieves not with the happier past  
The present, thy consoler be.

Thus we recall the dead, when time  
Has soften'd anguish to regret:  
They seem forgotten; but 't were crime  
'Gainst love to say that we forget.

Think thus of me, as lost, not changed;  
Thou mayest, yea, thou must, love still:  
True love turn'd never yet to hate  
Or coldness: love through good and ill.  
— *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine.*

## SHADOWS.

O THE shadows — the beautiful shadows,  
Floating far o'er the hills away;  
As over the sky  
The light clouds fly,  
So o'er the mountains wander they.

O the shadows — the beautiful shadows,  
Sleeping soft on the meadows green;  
Fair are the flowers  
In sunbright bowers,  
But fairer the flowers those shades between!

O the shadows — the beautiful shadows,  
Dancing light on the ocean spray;  
Changing each wave  
From gay to grave,  
Like the frowning smiles of a child at play.

O the shadows — the beautiful shadows,  
Sinking deep in the moonlit lake;  
Where the mountains seem  
As if view'd in a dream,  
And a world of purer beauty make.

O the shadows — the beautiful shadows,  
In the world without and the world within;  
For joy may borrow  
A charm from sorrow,  
And charity smiles on repentant sin.

O the shadows — the beautiful shadows,  
Falling soft on the dazzled vision;  
When the tender thought,  
By memory brought,  
Temper the glare of hopes elysian.

And there are shadows — merciful shadows,  
Dropping like balm on the bleeding heart;  
When first it knows  
That love's flame glows  
Stronger and purer when joys depart.

Then bless the shadows — the beautiful shadows;  
And take this thought as you gaze abroad:  
That in heaven and earth  
Shades owe their birth

TO LIGHT — AND LIGHT IS THE SHADOW OF GOD.\*  
— *Fraser's Magazine.* N. N. S.

## LINES.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

I SOBB'D myself to sleep last night,  
Just like some wayward child;  
My grief seem'd more than I could bear —  
With pain my heart grew wild.

And round the present ill there came  
The shades of woes gone by,  
Till from my inmost soul broke forth  
A very bitter cry!

The spirits of departed years,  
With all their changes rife,  
Stole past, and caus'd me keener pangs  
Than in their troubled life.

O idler in a mighty school,  
Is thus thy lesson learn'd,  
That when its wisdom suits thee not,  
'Tis by thy folly spurn'd?

For suffering is the atmosphere  
In which the soul grows pure;  
'Tis still its work, while staying here,  
To struggle and endure.

If 'mid bright sunshine thou hast walk'd,  
Because there comes a cloud  
And all grows drear, shall thy chill'd heart  
Unto the earth be bow'd?

No! dash the blinding tears away,  
And lift thy glance on high;  
'Tis but the hopeless and the weak  
Who 'neath their burden die!

— *Ladies' Companion.*

\* *Lux umbra Dei* — an old Platonic notion.

From Chambers' Journal.

## AN ELEPHANT-RIDE.

I NEVER had "an adventure" but once, and now I mean to relate it. It occurred in the year 1825, during the prosecution of the first Burmese war, when I was left on sick-report, much to my disgust, at Rangoon, whilst my regiment was with the grand army in advance, under Sir Archibald Campbell.

Everybody knows now, what nobody knew then, the extreme disadvantage we were under at commencing the war during the most unpropitious season of the year, when the country near Rangoon is almost entirely under water. The flat coast and mangrove-shores become a fertile hotbed for miasma, every green and exuberant pool a ball of revelry for fever and pestilence. But at the time I speak of, in September, the water, or most of it, had disappeared, leaving behind all the quick and luxuriant growth of vegetation that so soon invests the neighborhood with the beauty derivable from the richest shades of color on tree, and shrub, and leaf. From the town, with its wooden stockade, for two miles, up to the low range of hills on which glows and glitters the stupendous Shoe Dagon pagoda, the whole way appeared but an extensive series of rich, unvalled fields, gardens of fruit and vegetables, copses of bananas, and ponds of almost invisible water, over which nature had woven a carpet of deceptive verdure.

Rangoon was no longer the wretched seat of disease, comparative famine, and desolation, which it had been a few months back. The natives had flocked back in numbers; the houses were rebuilt; the shops began to be refilled by Chinese; whilst the adjoining country was once more peopled, and even the deserted *keovms*, or monasteries, began to resume their look of cheerful habitation; for there is no class of the Burmese more cheerful and courteous than the priests. I was convalescent, and my medical friend—how frequently it happens that the physician really becomes the friend!—approved of my taking a little relaxation by rambles in the country near the stockade, for it still might be unsafe to extend them into the interior. It was decided that we were to go together to witness the funeral obsequies of a *phongi*, or priest, of great reputed learning, whose death, happening when war was at its hottest, had been looked upon by the Burmese as a public calamity. It is a sight seldom seen by Europeans, and great preparations had been made for the ceremony. The body had, as is usual, undergone the process of embalming, after which it is covered by a layer of melted wax, to prevent injury from atmospheric action. This is in turn overlaid with sheets of leaf-gold, and in

this state it awaits the final pyrotechnic display which constitutes the funeral.

The day arrived, and with it my friend, who had been fortunate enough to obtain an elephant—one of three whose services for the procession had been granted by the commissariat for the grand ceremony. The ground chosen was within half a mile of the outer stockade, a plain of some extent, slanting down seaward, and overlooked by a dismantled pagoda, better known as the White House picket, having formed a strong fortified position of the enemy until it fell into our hands, when it became one of our outposts. When we reached the scene of display, immense crowds had already assembled, the procession round Rangoon being over, and the final rite about to begin. On an elevated stage of wood and bamboo, gaudily decorated with emblematic devices in gold-leaf, stood the coffin, by no means of a lugubrious appearance, for it was likewise overlaid with gilding. As we approached, somewhat delayed by the unusually restless temper of our elephant, which the *mahout*, or driver, ascribed to discomposure at the sight of so many people, the coffin was being removed from the stage to a very high vehicle or car, on which also a platform was erected. A moving mass of Burmese, bearing flags, banners, images of deities, and mythic blazons, surrounded the car; boys and girls danced and chanted as the coffin was deposited; and as we drew still nearer, we discovered that the strange images which were affixed to the car were stuck over with all manner of pyrotechnics—rockets, &c. A large assemblage of *phongis* stood by, whilst a few golden *tees*, or umbrellas, declared the presence of influential chiefs. There were not many of the fair sex; but a score or two of elderly women, in yellow raiment, were pointed out as belonging to a sacerdotal sisterhood—Buddhist nuns. Directly behind the coffin was a cannon ready loaded, and levelled with precision; whilst in front, the space was clear of the crowd, to prevent accidents.

Meanwhile, our elephant's fretfulness seemed to increase, nor could all the efforts of the *mahout* control it. In fact, we were afterwards informed that this man was a stranger to the animal, whose accustomed conductor was sick in hospital. At last there was a signal, the blare of a most discordant horn, and then the cannon was fired, the rockets, the fireworks let off, with a roar and a blaze, and a shout of multitudinous voices, that not only shook the whole space, but terrified the already excited elephant into perfect fury. With a velocity that nearly shook me from the pile of cushions and rope-work which fortunately supplied



the place of a howdah, the animal dashed forwards right amongst the crowd, piercing the smoke that burst from oil, petroleum, and wood, till, almost choked by the fumes, he as suddenly turned his back upon the whole, and, trumpeting loudly—surest evidence of elephantine rage—rushed on, I knew not whither. Nevertheless, I had seen the discharge of the cannon; and amidst flames and flashes of fire, that in darkness and at night might have made an impressive spectacle, I witnessed the coffin literally blown up into the skies, whilst the acclamations of the populace sounded like thunder.

When I had self-possession to look at my own situation, I found that, though the mahout retained his seat on the neck of the elephant, the hinder half of our cushions had given way, and with them the worthy doctor had disappeared. I had enough to do to hold fast by the ropes; the mahout seemed to have resigned every attempt to regulate the creature, and we were advancing at a pace little short of a run up a woody track, that, leading from the stockade, promised to land us in the uninhabited jungle beyond the Shoe Dagon, whose glittering proportions, seen above the trees, loomed mystically on the left. But as we proceeded, the path narrowed, and the trees were of a larger size; and still, from time to time, the elephant, trumpeting, crashed amongst them—here rending away a branch, and there forcing himself through underwood, amidst which I expected every moment to be hurled like a cast-off caparison. We had probably advanced more than a mile at this reckless pace, when, an enormous tree coming in our way, the animal checked his speed for a minute; the next, turning upwards his trunk, and suddenly seizing the mahout, as a squirrel seizes a straw, he swung him with a wrench up into the tree, the amazed wretch howling with terror as he found himself fixed among the boughs. I could hardly help laughing, regardless of the fact that the same fate might be allotted to me. But no! the elephant, with a strange sound, that from a mouse would have been a squeak, continued his progress at a slower rate. I then discovered, as I thought, the cause of its anger: that tender part under or beside the ear, to which the mahout is wont to apply the goad which acts as spur, was raw and sore, the blood running from it down the poor creature's neck. The mahout, a stranger to the animal, in ignorance perhaps of the wound, if he had not indeed made it, had cruelly and unwisely used the goad, thereby irritating his charge to madness.

The poor creature now appeared perfectly

tranquil; and presently the soil grew wet and boggy, and he tried cautiously to steer clear of the softest places, browsing the tender branches of some shrubs near us. I was considering the expediency of dismounting, and of endeavoring to find my way to the Shoe Dagon, now invisible, for we were at the bottom of a dell, and, I believed, approaching a creek which I knew ran in the direction we were taking; nor was it long ere the powerful and peculiar smell that saluted us assured me I was right. From it, I was certain that we were close to a little hamlet famous for the produce of that most offensive Burmese condiment, *gnapee* or *baichong*. Some of my readers may not know that this is a sort of paste, forming an essential article of diet at every Burman's meal, where it is consumed with everything: with rice, as if it were jam; with meat, as if it were mustard, only in larger proportions; and with fish, as if it were anchovy-sauce. Let me briefly add, that it is nothing but putrefied fish or prawns, which are in this state dried in an oven, and then pounded in a mortar with garlic, onions, spices, and a little salt; it is then put into a jar, and hot vinegar poured over it. After remaining for some time untouched, to let the acid penetrate and thoroughly saturate the *compote*, the jar is hermetically sealed and set aside for some weeks—the longer the better. Wonderfully potent is the smell, and I have no doubt the taste is more so, but I wanted courage to give it a trial.

However, the strong effluvium of the *gnapee* was welcome to me as the "gardens of Göl in their bloom," for I knew that I was sure of finding at the creek some friendly ally of Pegu, or perhaps some of the Burmese flocking back to find safety under the conquering English, and who would conduct me to the stockade by a shorter track than any I could discover. But I had yet to wait awhile, for as I was preparing to slip off the elephant's back, the capricious animal trotted quickly on till, reaching an enormous cotton-tree, whose large showy scarlet and white blossoms had attracted him, he again stopped, and began to feed on them. Not long, however. A peculiar noise in the lofty tree beneath which we were placed drew my attention upwards—a crumpling and crushing of foliage, which startled the animal as well as myself. It did not resemble that which is made by a bird or a squirrel, and seemed to seek rather than to fly us. My first impression was that a man was in the branches, for monkeys I had not heard of in Ava. I am short of sight, but as I gazed intently, I became conscious of the proximity of a most unwelcome neighbor. I beheld a monstrous serpent right above me—its tail

coiled and knotted about a branch of the tree—its gray, and green, and yellow-spotted skin and fiery eyes staring down into mine, while its huge head, wavering to and fro, chilled me with horror; and in another instant the elephant also became cognizant of its presence, for it absolutely shivered as it stood, giving forth a sound so distinctly different from either the trumpeting of anger or the gigantic base-squeak of satisfaction (so to speak), as proved that the modulations of the creature's voice were so many forms of expression given to it, as speech to man, by that Wisdom which allots to everything that lives its own peculiar language. In another instant, the serpent, releasing hold of the tree, swung itself with unimaginable velocity on the elephant's back, behind me. I felt the horrible reptile, as it weltered on the pack-saddle against which I leaned, and expected every moment to find myself within its coils. But at the touch of the serpent, mindless of marsh or bog, the elephant gave so sudden a spring that, weakened and paralyzed by terror, I lost my hold of the fastenings by which I had hitherto kept my position, and before one could count three, found myself lying on a couch of the softest mud in all Burmah. When I was able to look about me, and saw that no hideous length of reptile was near, whilst the elephant's hasty steps as he crushed over the track we had so lately come by, led me to hope he had carried away the unacceptable visitor, I was heartily thankful to have had a landing-place

so safe. The mud was not of any depth, and though I carried its colors on every stitch about me, I extricated myself without difficulty, and, crawling quite to the other side of the jungle, far from the snake-haunted cotton-tree, sat quietly down, feeling an unusual sickness creep over me: in plain terms, I fainted.

I do not suppose this state of things continued very long; but I have no doubt that my recovery was accelerated by the powerful odor—more conducive to restoration from syncope than burnt feathers—exhaled from the persons of the three natives by whom I found myself supported. They were worthy men of Pegu, concoctors of gnapee, of which they carried huge jars for the Rangoon market; and the aroma of which might well have induced a stench-hating Bedouin—had he been within a *fursung* of it—to stuff his nostrils with the cotton of expulsion. Truly, I was thankful to have their ready assistance in my return to the stockade; and, faint and athirst, welcomed with no common relish the ripe bananas and cool water with which they liberally supplied me. At my quarters, I found the worthy doctor preparing to set forth on a search for me; and in great alarm, as, shortly before I appeared, the refractory elephant had returned quietly to the stockade. The doctor, like myself, had fallen without injury; but of the inexperienced mahout we heard nothing; and the elephant made no revelations of the manner by which he got rid of his serpent-rider.

"OVER THE LEFT."—The following extracts from the *Records* of the Hartford County Court, in the (then) American colony of Connecticut, supply an amusing illustration of the use and peculiar significance of this phrase:

"At a County Court held at Hartford, }  
September 4, 1705. }

"Whereas James Steel did commence an action against Bevell Waters (both of Hartford), in this Court, upon hearing and tryall whereof the Court gave judgment against the said Waters (as in justice they think they ought), upon the declaring the said judgment, the said Waters did re-view to the Court in March next, that being granted and entred, the said Waters, as he departed from the table, he said, '*God bless you over the left shoulder.*'"

"The Court order a record to be made thereof forthwith. A true copie: Test.

"CALEB STANLEY, Clerk."

At the next Court Waters was tried for contempt, for saying the words recited, "so cursing the Court," and on verdict fined £5. He asked a review at the Court following, which was

granted; and pending trial, the Court asked counsel of the Rev. Messrs. Woodbridge and Buckingham, the ministers of the Hartford churches, as to "the common acceptation" of the offensive phrase. Their reply constitutes a part of the *Record*, and is as follows:

"We are of the opinion that those words, said on the other side to be spoken by Bevell Waters, include: (1) prophaneness, by using the name of God, that is holy, with such ill words whereto it was joyned; (2) that they carry great contempt in them, arising to the degree of an imprecation or curse, the words of a curse being the most contemptible that can ordinarily be used.

T. WOODBRIDGE.  
T. BUCKINGHAM.

"March 7th, 1705-6."

The former judgment was affirmed on review. This is the earliest instance of the use of this phrase I have met with in New England. It is now very popular with certain classes, and no reference to an ecclesiastical tribunal seems necessary to determine its import. — *Notes and Queries.*

From The Examiner, 19 April.

## OCCUPATION OF PARMA.

A STRANGE accompaniment has attended the conclusion of the pacific mission of the Paris Plenipotentiaries, and may help us to determine how far anything like a real agreement or complete concord has been restored, by their exertions, to the rival powers and jarring interests of the several great States. One of the latest acts of the Conference was to receive from Count Cavour those statements and memorials on the subject of Italy, lately reported and set forth at length, in which that minister sought to draw the attention of his colleagues to a portion of Europe more than any other demanding the intervention of powerful arbitrators. The occupation of the greater part of Italy by foreign troops is quite as flagrant an infringement of the balance of power as Russia's occupation of the Principalities. Count Cavour seized an opportunity, as we have seen, to remonstrate on the subject.

To this Austria has already given her reply, and a very brutal one. It is, that in consequence of certain assassinations which have taken place at Parma, the duchy will be forthwith occupied by imperial troops, and a cordon of them will be formed along the line of Apennines which separates the territory of Parma from that of Genoa, in order to keep out the democratic contagion supposed to emanate from the latter city. In other words, Count Buol replies to Count Cavour by insolently accusing Piedmont as the cause not only of the threatened revolution, but of the actual assassinations which disturb the peace of Parma. And this in the very face of the fact that the Austrians themselves, with all their troops, cannot prevent exactly similar assassinations in Milan, while in Piedmont such things are unknown.

Now the Duchy of Parma is ruled by a Bourbon, not by an Austrian prince; and should the Bourbon line fail, the succession of the Duchies is secured by treaty to the House of Savoy. The Government of Piedmont has thus a far greater interest in Parma than Austria can have, and a better right to occupy and to protect it. Why should that right not have been conceded, then, if any justice or fairness animated the Congress? The most difficult population in Italy to tranquillize is that of Genoa, yet the constitutional government of Piedmont has succeeded in obtaining its quiet allegiance, and is it not to be presumed that the Piedmontese system would tranquillize Parma as well? The French occupy Rome; the Austrians occupy the Legations and Tuscany; and if any regard were to be had to the much-talked-about balance of power, the Piedmontese ought undoubtedly to have been preferred for the

occupation, assuming it to be necessary, of Parma. On the border of Piedmont, within the Duchies, stands the great military fortress of Piacenza. Its occupation by the Austrians is an insult as well as threat to Piedmont.

In this temper on the part of Austria have closed the Conferences that are to secure for us peace throughout Europe. It is urged in extenuation that she has every reason to be dissatisfied with the Congress, in which her advice has been slighted, and her aims frustrated. She sought to make Russia retire from the vicinity of the Bukovina, in which she has been disappointed; and, moreover, her views both with respect to the organization and occupation of the Danubian Principalities have been set at naught. She is, therefore, in the worst of humors; and quits the scene of peace with an expression of her angry determination to thwart France and England in Italy, in return for their having thwarted her in the Levant.

But prudent and experienced politicians are not apt clumsily to betray anger or ill-humor without at least some reasonable chance of support in the manifestation of it. Is it so certain that Russian support has been withdrawn from Austria? Much has been said, indeed, of dissension and pique between the quondam friends, but great faith is not to be put in statements of that kind. In times like the present the keenest hounds are often at fault and eager to set off howling upon a wrong scent, while their masters remain quietly engaged in the pursuit of far different and quite unsuspected objects.

The Emperor of the French, it is reported, observed his usual silence on perceiving the ill-humor of Austria, but Count Walewski, who at first seconded and probably instigated Count Cavour, has drawn back. It is certain that Louis Napoleon entered upon the Congress with great elation of mind, and in an exuberant spirit of frankness and conciliation of which Russia has known how to take advantage; nor is it likely, in regard to Austria and Italy, that the same amicable spirit would have been wanting. But the sullen and obstinate stand made by Austria on this topic would naturally change the intention if not the tone of the French Emperor. In the first instance he thought that Italian troubles might be arranged in concert with Austria, but he now sees that whatever is done for Italy must be done without Austria and in despite of Austria. Few men of sense ever believed otherwise.

Nevertheless we may venture to predict that the same impassive countenance will for the present be maintained in regard to Austria, and that in all probability the *status quo* in Italy will remain unchanged and

undisturbed. Present misrule will be suffered to become even more flagrant, in order that future interference may appear more warranted. The redemption of Italy is thus adjourned, the military occupation will be prolonged, and the war which has now waged so long and so disastrously between the executioner on the part of the oppressors, and the assassin on the part of the oppressed, will have still to continue. Nor, while it thus continues in Italy, is it by any means certain that it will not also soon rise and display itself in the Danubian provinces, from which, though Austrian armies must depart, Austrian intrigues and influence cannot as soon be banished. Our new state of peace, in short, will require as much vigilance as that of the war, so prematurely terminated; and which, precisely because it has been brought to a close prematurely, no one need be surprised to see again break forth at a future and not distant day.

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From *The Examiner*, 19 April.  
THE PEACE.

THE world is now pretty well acquainted with the main conditions of that peace with which not merely France but the Emperor of Russia has declared his supreme content. It is a peace fulfilling all his own wishes, and those of the late Emperor Nicholas, who had in view no object less disinterested than that of seeing Turkey Europeanized by the emancipation and elevation of those of its subjects who are co-religionists of Russia!

The Czar cedes Ismail and the left bank of the Danube, but little more of the Bessarabian territory. The delimitation of the new frontier is left to the decision of a Russian and an Austrian commissary. Russia is to maintain but ten armed vessels, armed as corvettes, in the Black Sea, and Turkey as many. The Sultan, however, may maintain what naval forces he pleases in the Sea of Marmora. Russia, in fact, abandons in the Black Sea her means of naval aggression, and consents to leave her forts dismantled on the coast of Circassia. The English plenipotentiary was naturally desirous that this abandonment of all aggressive attitude on the coast should be extended to the Asiatic frontier; but Russia has declined either to quit or disarm those fortresses which border upon Persia and Turkey, and are a lasting menace to both. It might perhaps have been thought, if there be any truth in the assertion that England did not push the war in Asia, nor send reinforcements thither from India, solely in deference to the fears of her ally that such a character given to the war would make it unpopular in France, that she was at least entitled to receive support at the Conference in render-

ing Russia less menacing on the Asiatic frontier. But it is understood that no such support was afforded.

There will be, however, it is said, a slight rectification of the frontier in those regions. We have heard a great deal of the fall of Kars, and of its disastrous results in bringing the Russian posts so near to Erzeroum; but the Russian frontier on the Arras, south of Kars, already advanced quite as near to Erzeroum as Kars itself, and along the high road from Erivan to it, and such a projection of the Russian frontier renders it impossible to succour Bayezid from Erzeroum. A rectification here was desirable, but whether it has been obtained remains doubtful.

The settlement of the dispute about the Christians would seem to be all that is satisfactory; except perhaps to the parties chiefly concerned, who begin to find their new privilege of bearing arms more onerous than their old standing grievance of the Haratch. The concessions made to the European powers are only alluded to in the treaty; and thus is avoided the danger to the independence of Turkey which would have been occasioned by making its internal government a subject of stipulation with foreign powers. The zealots in France, however, are beginning to revive their claim to a French protectorate over the Roman Catholic subjects of the Porte similar to that formerly insisted upon by Russia on behalf of all the various races professing the Greek religion. Any attempt to establish such a protectorate is on all accounts most earnestly to be deprecated. But we feel convinced that the French Government has too much sense to afford the propagandists any serious support; and that it will confine its interference on behalf of the Latins within the limits of the treaty of 1740, or even have the self-denial to renounce some of the privileges which it confers. There have been few more fertile sources of misgovernment in Turkey than the indiscreet interference of consular agents, for the sake of magnifying their own importance, at the expense of the local authorities.

Of the question of the Principalities there is little to be said, because little has been settled except the important point that the Austrians must evacuate them. Russia insists on this, and no doubt hopes that the Principalities left to themselves will become a focus of sedition and disturbance. But if their old stipulations with the Porte be observed, the inhabitants of the Principalities will show no turbulence. A proposal has been made, in consequence of the conflicting proposals as to how Ismail was to be garrisoned, to rase that town and its fortification altogether, which certainly would be a solution most agreeable for Russia,—since it



removes from the path which she will no doubt endeavor to retrace (as soon as our patriotic capitalists have supplied her principal want—that of railways) an obstacle which could check for months the advance even of Suwaroff.

From The Times, 19 April.

#### THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

THERE seems to prevail between England and the United States some great misconception of each other's feelings. It cannot be doubted that when America is spoken of with bitterness in England it is always on the ground of an alleged animosity which its citizens display towards us. "See the conduct of these Americans!"—such is the usual language; "without provocation on our part, and from a mere impulse of ill-will, they are raising a quarrel with us at the moment when all our forces are supposed to be employed on other objects." On the other hand, if we turn to American newspapers and magazines, or the report of American speeches, we hear but one complaint,—that England is ever scheming against the prosperity and progress of the New World; that in English society no man has a good word for an American; that all feelings of common origin, history, and language are forgotten on this side of the Atlantic, under the influence of a groundless jealousy. Yet few have ever met an Englishman who did not declare with all sincerity that he wished for nothing more than the happiness and improvement of the States, while every one of our countrymen who crosses the ocean confesses that kindness, a hearty welcome, and a full appreciation of his country's merits have met him on all sides from the people whom he had always suspected and who are always suspecting us.

The speech of Mr. Dallas, the new American Minister, reiterates sentiments which have been expressed by every representative which America has of late years sent to this country. It has often been the case that before the arrival of a new Minister from Washington we have received warning of his temper and sentiments. Such a man is said to have been always unfriendly to England, to have been notorious for his war speeches, to have made strong threats concerning Canada and Cuba, and to have denounced British policy as essentially hostile to his own country. Yet it must be confessed that the language of all, on arriving in these kingdoms, has been pretty much the same. In words which go far beyond the usual commonplaces of diplomacy, each successive Minister, whether Whig or Democrat, has declared his conviction that peace and good-

will between the two nations are necessary to the happiness of the world. It has been stated broadly that no real grounds of enmity exist, and that any politician who can tamper with a friendship springing out of so many and such close relations of race, religion, and language is unworthy to govern, or even to be tolerated by, his countrymen. Mr. Dallas has come to this country at a time when subjects of much supposed importance are debated between the two nations. The Government which sends him conceives itself to have cause of complaint against our own administrators. The honor of America is said to have been touched by a military enlistment on its soil, which, if not illegal, is, at any rate, uncourteous and unjustifiable. A still greater wrong is declared to have been suffered by the States through our unjust interpretation of a doubtful treaty. Carelessness of American good fame, a plot against American development, almost an invasion of American territory, are laid to our charge. Yet no sooner is the supposed representative of these opinions among us than he repudiates all angry passions, and utters words which might befit the intercourse of two nations whose amity no dispute had ever ruffled. Mr. Dallas speaks of the welcome he has received and the kindness with which his own country has been always named. If any American ever lands on these shores with a different anticipation, he is likely to be disappointed, and to express, even after a week's residence, the acknowledgments uttered on Thursday at the Mansion-house. The Minister further says that "he is not authorized to feel, nor does he feel, any desire than that of giving his exertions and energies unreservedly to the restoration of the most harmonious sentiments and friendly relations." He congratulates this country on the termination of the Russian war, but declares his opinion that its energies, however gallantly enlisted and ably directed, will find more fruitful employment in the cultivation of those arts of peace which have already so signally illustrated the history of our people.

The practical question now remains to be answered. If the two countries have no just grounds of quarrel,—if the prosperity of each is bound up with that of the other;—if, as Mr. Dallas says, no one in the United States wishes for war, why is there a continuance of these threats and recriminations? It cannot seriously be supposed that England has any desire to stain a continent and every ocean with blood in order to retain possession of a protectorate over a Red Indian chief who rules a tract of swamp and forest in a pestilential climate which is the terror of every European. Nor can any sensible man con-

ceive that the precise point in the enlistment question which still remains unsettled is a matter of interest to people in this country, or that they even understand what it is. Every one knows that the English people only wish to be honorably rid of these paltry disputes. It is, indeed, quite possible that even the Mosquito question and the recruiting-office question might breed a war of which the generation which began it might not see the end; for the history of the world is full of such follies, and when there is a wish to fall out, the subject-matter is rather the occasion than the cause. But every one tells us—and we doubt not with sincerity—that on neither side of the Atlantic is there any such embittered feeling. "If there be war," says Mr. Dallas, "it must be in spite of uniform, steady, persevering, frank, and honorable conciliation" on the part of America. If so, then it is clear enough there will be no war at all. These questions might be settled in a few hours by two men of sense, determined to come to an amicable conclusion. We want nothing, and the Americans, if the truth be told, have need of as little. If even there were solid advantages in dispute, it is certain that war would not obtain them for either people. Few persons have, we think, considered what a contest between the Anglo-Saxons of the Old and the New World would be like. Probably no war of which the memory has reached us would be so wide in its operations, so lasting in its duration, and so disastrous in its results. The sails of the two nations whiten every sea; their traders are to be found wherever there is a harbor or a navigable river on the globe. The whole of this vast commerce would be, if not destroyed, at least imperilled, disordered, and diminished. It would be essentially a war of piracy and of pillage. We should probably lay in ruins all the flourishing cities of the Atlantic coast, while the homesteads of the Canadian frontier would be blazing far and wide from the inroads of American free corps. Protectionists may have their own notions of the commercial results, but we fancy the first consequence of a rupture would be the ruin of half the properties in the Southern States and the stoppage of almost every mill in Lancashire. But we need not speculate on the details of a conflict which every man must feel would throw back the human race for a century to come. Nor would the conflict be short. The two nations are distinguished beyond any on the globe for stubborn pride and invincible obstinacy. The first atrocity committed on either side would be the signal for a relentless and exterminating war. The original question would be speedily forgotten, and the

struggle would continue because the pride and animosities of the two nations demanded it. It is such evils as these that Mr. Dallas deprecates in his speech, and we trust that the sentiments he enunciates will influence the negotiations with which he is intrusted, and lead to a speedy settlement of matters which are only important because they are little understood.

From *The Spectator*, 19 April.

#### THE RUATAN WARRANT.

At last we have the Queen's warrant for erecting the island of Ruatan and certain other islands in the Bay of Honduras into a colony, under the name of "Bay Islands." It is a document of peculiar interest at present. The warrant discloses to us the existence of a constitution simple in its provisions. The whole is comprised in four folio pages, and in twenty-eight paragraphs or clauses, with a preamble. The powers of government are intrusted to the Governor of Jamaica; who is constituted Governor of the Bay Islands Colony, and authorized to act as sovereign, without any further instructions from England in the making of laws for the colony and framing the financial estimates; to alienate the Royal lands to private persons; to present qualified persons for ordination by the Bishop of Jamaica to officiate in churches, chapels, or any other ecclesiastical benefices; to constitute and appoint judges and officers of justice; to suspend officers commissioned by the Crown itself; to pardon offenders; to give warrant for the custody of idiots, lunatics, and their estates; and to delegate his authority to a Lieutenant-Governor. It will be seen that the power of the Governor of the Bay Islands Colony exceeds that of many Governors of much more important settlements.

He is, indeed, to do some of these things "by and with the advice" of the General Assembly, or the major part thereof; and this General Assembly is peculiarly constituted. It is to consist of twelve members, of whom three shall retire annually. They are to be chosen by electors of certain qualifications, which are to be specified in further letters-patent, orders in Council, or instructions through the Secretary of State; they are to be owners of land, tenements, or hereditaments in the colony; and they "shall be able to read and write English." It is evident from the terms of this statement that the constituencies are not expected to be purely English by birth. The mode of voting at elections is peculiar: "Every elector, qualified as aforesaid, shall be entitled to give three votes, and shall be entitled at his discretion to give such three votes to three

separate candidates, or to give two of such votes, or all of them, to one candidate." This provides for a full representation of a respectable minority in the colony. The General Assembly is empowered to vote the estimates introduced by the Executive; and the Governor retains a negative voice in the making of laws, with the further restraint that the laws, statutes, and ordinances "are not to be repugnant, but as nearly as may be agreeable, to the laws and statutes of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland." This is a peculiar constitution discovered to be already existing in the British empire, and it is not less peculiar that we discover its existence four years after its birth!

The warrant, however, is principally interesting at the present time for its bearing on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. We are bickering with the United States of America about our tenure in that quarter. When Sir Henry Bulwer and Mr. Clayton, on behalf of Great Britain and the United States, arranged their well-known convention, Sir Henry stipulated that the settlement of Belize should be exempt from the operation of the treaty. We had also exercised a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, a tribe of a territory not well defined. The Belize territory had been extended under treaty with Spain, ratifying an encroachment made by British subjects, from the Siboon River, which was originally its Southern limit, to the Sarstoon. In thus excepting the Belize settlement, it does appear probable that Sir Henry Bulwer intended to except all the territory then claimed by Great Britain on the right of sufferance and custom. The purpose of the Bulwer-Clayton convention was, jointly, "to facilitate and protect the construction of a ship-canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans." The first article of the treaty contains these words:

"The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare, that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain, or maintain for itself, any exclusive control over the said ship-canal; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same in the vicinity thereof, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise, any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America; nor will either make use of any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same."

This convention was concluded on the 19th

April, 1850; the ratifications were exchanged on the 4th of July, 1850.

By the title of the warrant which has just been returned to the House of Commons, the islands of Ruatan, &c., are described as "lying in the Bay of Honduras." The preamble to the warrant and its first two clauses run thus:

"Whereas it hath been represented unto us that the islands of Ruatan, Bonacca, Utilla, Helene, Barbarat, and Moxat, in the Bay of Honduras, are inhabited by divers subjects of our crown, who are rapidly increasing in numbers, and we have therefore deemed it expedient to make provision for the government of the settlement or settlements already formed and to be formed in these islands:

"1. Now, know ye that we, of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, have thought fit to erect, and do hereby erect, the said islands of Ruatan, Bonacca, Utilla, Helene, Barbarat, and Moxat, and their dependencies, into a colony: and the same are hereby erected into a colony accordingly.

"2. And we do hereby declare that the said islands shall be known and designated as the colony of the Bay Islands."

The date of this warrant is—"Given at our Court at Buckingham Palace, this 20th day of March, 1852, in the eleventh year of our reign." Here is "a colony" erected almost two years after the Clayton convention; here are "islands in the Bay of Honduras" formed into "a settlement." The warrant and the proceedings which it sanctions and reports certainly appear to be incompatible with the obligations incurred under the convention. The British Ministers, it is said, have offered to refer the construction of the treaty to arbitration: the American reply is, that the purport of the English language is too plain to need arbitration. Mr. Clayton has already given us the interpretation of the text of which he was part author; the other author was Sir Henry Bulwer, and it would be very interesting to know whether *he* used the words which we have quoted above in any special or non-natural sense.

There may be, independently of technical rights, reasons why we persevere in the protection of our subjects on the island of Ruatan and its small neighbors, or in our protectorate of the Mosquito Indians. These reasons, we learn from Lord Palmerston, are to be stated in the letter which Lord Clarendon is to write for the United States Government after his return to England. It would have been convenient if they had been effectively stated at an earlier stage in the dispute; but they will be awaited with some interest now, since, if the reasons are convincing, it is possible that the Americans may waive their

technical right in consideration of the merits of the question. It is upon the substantial merits, indeed, that the question must eventually rest; and it is a pity that we cannot escape from a dispute as to the terms of the treaty, to something like a plain understanding upon the points about which the officials on both sides are disputing.

From The Times, 24 April.

#### END OF THE WAR.

AN imperfect copy of the Treaty of Peace has appeared in the columns of a contemporary, but it is probable that the appearance of Lord Clarendon in the Lords this evening will give the most satisfactory assurance that all is concluded at Paris. No doubt, there are those who would rather that the result of a terrible war and a long negotiation were announced by a more pompous messenger, and in a more triumphant tone than his Lordship is likely to assume. We trust he will be able to state, in plain and unmistakeable language, that the objects of the war have been accomplished; that the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire, including the Principalities, have been guaranteed; that the Black Sea has been neutralized for the commerce and representatives of all nations; that its shores are to be dismantled of its remaining arsenals and military strongholds; that the Danube has been opened; and that the firman conceding equal political rights to all subjects of the Porte has received a European sanction. These safe and moderate results may not satisfy all people. There are those, of course, who wish peace to represent only victory and power. Could a great General, in the flush of recent successes, inform the British nation that an ancient and implacable enemy had been laid prostrate at our feet, and that we had granted such terms as proved at once the irresistible power of our arms and our clemency,—that would gratify those who abandon themselves to the illusions of the hour. Such peacees there have been in our history, and such messengers have been heard in our Senate. Before very long, too, a distinguished nobleman will resume his place in the Lords, and inform them that in the course of a seven years' administration he has conquered or otherwise annexed to the dominions of Her Britannic Majesty four splendid and populous kingdoms. But for the people so conquered we feel neither sympathy, nor hostility, nor jealousy; our honor is not concerned, and our interests but slightly advanced, by their subjection. What are they to us, or we to them? It is otherwise when we come to the members of the European brotherhood, and to the partners of our

religion and civilization. We know them to be generous, proud, and powerful—in a word, like ourselves, and that they will therefore not render an absolute submission except to a confederacy so crushing as to supersede all question of honor in the necessity of self-preservation. In Europe a peace which only rankles in the bosom of the vanquished will not last long, and a treaty which destroys the balance of Europe will soon right itself. Forty years ago such a General as England had not seen for a hundred years announced a peace founded on the prostration of the foe before overwhelming numbers. That General lived to see almost every object supposed to be gained reversed by peoples and Sovereigns, and, meanwhile, the continual and rapid growth of another Power as ambitious and formidable as that it had helped to control. Even then our statesmen felt that peace had been better on more equal terms. In fact, the best peace—one may almost say the only true peace—is that which is the negation of war, and the extinction of those passions that lead to it. A peace ought to be such that all sides are concerned in its maintenance, and that can only be when no stain is left upon honor, and no injury done to the true interests of any country.

What is it that we might wisely and righteously desire? That Russia should be exterminated—banished to her own Siberia—her soil reduced to a still more horrid solitude—her influence annihilated, and her very name made historical? That was indeed no such remote probability, had she persisted in defying the common opinion and the common arms of Europe. But ere long we should have missed her,—against whom it is impossible to predict and invidious to conjecture,—but we should have missed her in time. In some hour of anxiety we should have sought in vain for a Power to be on our side in the cause of equity and order, perhaps even of self-preservation. Even all Europe is not so great, so populous, so rich in natural resources, so organized for defence, that one should readily see her wasting her strength in war, and destroying her most youthful and most powerful State. The Conference at Paris represents not merely the peace, but the power of Europe; and the power, it must be remembered, of all Europe—the greatest power, the most civilized, the most amenable to reason, the most moderate and humane in the world. Who would willingly and deliberately see that great federate power neutralized and paralyzed by the prostration and abasement of one of its few States? Let it should be imputed to us that we are only shaping our language to the result, we beg to say that long before the arrival of one



British ship in the Black Sea we incurred some abuse for anticipating that the result would be rather honorable than glorious to this country. England has now tasted war; she now knows that the most lavish expenditure will not render her always ready; that the bravest armies may meet with equal foes, and worse foes than armed men; that the finest navy in the world may be found useless in the hour of need; and she has come to the rational conclusion that, having accomplished the necessary objects of the war, she is not justified in attempting to win glory from Russia. War is not our natural state. It is not the direction in which the genius of the people is best developed. Though, as is natural to us, we hope that each year will repair the errors of the last, still we have always found war—as, indeed, what nation has not?—full of vicissitudes, and sure of nothing but misery, bloodshed, and cost. War is always an evil, with but little mitigation.

We rejoice, then, that this state of things has ceased, and that Europe has returned to tranquillity and mutual respect. We are not exulting over a fallen foe; we are not bragging that at a cost to ourselves alone of 50,000 men lost to our army in killed or disabled, and near a hundred millions lost in national wealth, we have, with other powerful allies, induced Russia to give up a certain dream of aggrandizement and to respect the independence of a weak neighbor. There is nothing to boast of here. Had we done all single-handed, and were there none to consult, but our own proud or angry feelings, we might have stood out for more material concessions, for more trophies of victory and securities for peace; but we were acting with other Powers as jealous of their honor as ourselves, and we are bound to consult their judgment as well as our own. Russia has acknowledged the moral as well as the physical force of the increasing combination brought against her. The allies themselves, too, have felt their own moral force, and have not disgraced it by pressing for humiliating conditions. They had the physical power, for it is scarcely possible that the war should have gone on for several years without the political annihilation of Russia, whatever the results to ourselves. But they remembered their own character, the righteousness of their cause, and the self-denying ordinance by which they had bound themselves. They were not going to punish one crime by another, or to assume the office of judges that they might take the license of marauders. If any among ourselves have viewed the contest with more partial feelings, and thought the object of the war was either the utter ruin of Russia or something for

ourselves, they will not join very heartily in the celebration of peace. In fact, it is not peace that they want, but victory, glory, and perhaps some more tangible acquisition. That, however, is not what we have asked for; we asked only for a secure and honorable peace, and we shall accordingly yield to no peacemaker among us in the sincerity and earnestness of our present satisfaction, if that blessing be really attained.

From The Times' Special Correspondent.

#### CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, April 11.

THE preparations for the speedy evacuation of the Crimea are pressed on with rapidity and energy. Each division collects about 4,000 shot a day, and they are carried to Balaklava as fast as the means at our disposal—railway and land transport—will permit. It is stated that 6000 Sardinians will be the first to leave, and the Guards will probably be the first English troops to quit the scene of their suffering, of their endurance, and of their glory. Alas! how many will lie here till the Judgment day! Who can tell how many have perished whose lives might have been spared—how many an unknown grave might have been untenanted—how many a life wasted which ought to have been saved to the country, to friends, to an honored old age! These questions may never be answered, least of all are they likely to be answered in Chelsea Hospital,\* where the very banners would fall with leaden weight upon the heads of those who would speak the truth that is in them. It is for the country to see that such queries shall not again lie in the mouths even of the ignorant civilian. Heaven lets loose all its plagues on those who delight in war, and on those who shed men's blood, even in the holiest cause. The pestilence by day and night, the deadly fever, the cholera, dysentery; the incompetence, and stupidity, and apathy of chieftains; the strategical errors of great captains; culpable inactivity and fatal audacity,—all these follow in the train of victorious armies, and kill more than the bullet or the sword. The triumphant General is struck, as it were, by palsy in the midst of his ovation, and the applauding shouts of his soldiers are turned into revellings and execrations ere the pageant has run its course. But war has its rules. The bloody profession by which liberty is achieved or crushed—by which States are saved or annihilated, has certain fixed principles for its guidance; and the homoeopathic practitioner in the art, or the quack, the charlatan,

\* This is an allusion to a Court of General Officers appointed to whitewash Lord Lucan and company, and to nullify the Report made by the Crimean Commissioners. — *Living Age*.

or the noble amateur, will soon be detected and overwhelmed in the horrors of ruin and defeat. Perhaps on no occasion has the neglect of the course of regular practice been so severely punished, even although in the end the object has been gained, than in the siege of Sebastopol. It is the first instance on record in which such a place has been taken by the mere fire of artillery; for it is admitted by the Russians that even if the assault on the Malakhoff had been repelled, they must have abandoned a place exposed in every nook and chink and cranny to such a fire that the very heavens seemed to rain shot and shell upon them. We lost an army in establishing that fire, and we have not — (notwithstanding the honied words of Lord Palmerston, every soldier here feels what I say is the truth) — we have not added to our reputation — nay, we have not sustained it — in attacks of the 18th June and of the 8th September. And will it be said that *because* the particulars of those conflicts have been made known to the world, and *because* the daring, the devotion, the gallantry, the heroism of our officers and men have been displayed before its eyes, that the English nation has lost its military *prestige*? Would it have been possible, think you, to have concealed and slurred over our failures? Would it have been better to have let the story be told in Russian despatches, in French *Moniteurs*, in English *Gazettes*? No; the very dead on Cathcart's hill would be wronged as they lay mute in their bloody shrouds, and calumny and falsehood would insult that warrior race, which is not the less Roman that it has known a Trebia and a Thrasymene. We all feel well that it was no fault of our officers or men that we did not take the Redan; and we can point to the trenches piled deep with our gallant allies before the Redan of Careening Bay and the Central Bastion, and to the Malakhoff won without the loss of 200 men, and invoke the goddess Fortune! Alas, she does not always favor the daring; she leaves them sometimes lifeless at the blood-stained embrasure, before the shattered traverse, in the deadly ditch; and she demands, as hostages for the bestowal of her favors, skill and prudence, as well as audacity and courage.

Every statement made by the Russian officers in conversation concur in this, that we might have taken Sebastopol in September, 1854; that they were not only prepared to abandon the city to its fate, but that they regarded it as untenable and incapable of defence, and had some doubts of their position in the Crimea itself till our inaction gave Menschikoff courage, and gave him hopes of an honorable defence, which might

enable him to hold us in check, or to expose us to the attack of overwhelming masses. They admit that their great error was the assumption of a simple defensive attitude after the battle of Inkermann, and they now feel that they ought to have renewed the attack upon our enfeebled army, notwithstanding the terrible loss they suffered in that memorable action. It may be mere military fanfaronade on their part to put forward such an assertion; but one and all the Russians declare that they could have retaken the Malakhoff under the fire of their ships, but that it had been clearly demonstrated, since the fire opened on September 5th, that it would be impossible to hold the south side under the increasing weight and proximity of the bombardment. "It was a veritable butchery which demoralized our men so far as to make them doubt the chances of continuing the struggle. We lost 3,000 men a day. No part of the city was safe except the actual bomb-proofs in the batteries. We were content to have beaten the English at the Redan, to have repulsed the French at the Bastion of Careening Bay (the Little Redan), the Gervais Battery, and the Bastion Centrale, and to leave them the credit of surprising the Malakhoff; but, even had we held it, we must soon have retired to the north side, and we had been preparing for that contingency for some days." Such was the speech of one of their Staff to an officer of high rank in our service. There is a long song on the incidents of the war very popular in the Russian camp, in which Prince Menschikoff is exposed to some ridicule, and the allies to rigorous sarcasm. Menschikoff is described as looking out of the window of a house in Bakshiserai, and inquiring for news from Sebastopol, and courier after courier arrives and says, "O! Sebastopol is safe." And what are the allies doing? "O! they are breaking down the houses of Balaklava and eating grapes." The same news for a day or two. At last a courier tells him the allies are cutting twigs in the valleys, and that they are digging great furrows three-quarters of a mile from the place, but that they are afraid to approach it, and that the ships have begun to fire on them. "I declare they are going to besiege it," says he, "and if so I must defend it." And so he sends for his engineers, and they at first think the allies must be digging for gold, misled by ancient traditions about the mines; but at last they make a *reconnaissance*, and, finding that the allies are really making distant approaches, they say, "Why, we will have time to throw up works too," and so they draw up their plans, and Todtleben says, "Give me five days, and I'll mount

three guns for their two;" and Menshikoff dances and sings, "Ha, ha! I've saved Sebastopol!"

The Russians were astonished at their own success; above all, they were surprised at the supineness and want of vigilance among the allies. They tell stories of their stealing in upon our sentries and carrying them off, and of their rushing at night into our trenches, and finding the men asleep in their blankets; they recount with great glee the capture of a sergeant and five men in daylight, all sound in slumber (poor wretches, ill fed, ill clad, and worked beyond the endurance of human nature), in one of the ravines towards Inkermann. Among many stories of the kind which I have heard, one is remarkable. When the attack on Inkermann was projected, it was arranged that one strong column of men, having crossed the bridge of the Tchernaya, near the head of the harbor, should march along the road which winds up *above* the quarries ravine, and which leads right upon the ground then occupied by Evans' Division, but this was conceived to be the most daring part of the enterprise, "as no doubt strong pickets would be posted on that road, and guns commanding the bridge, or raking the road, would be placed behind the scarps, and these guns would have to be taken, and the pickets and their supports driven in." "Judge of our astonishment when we found no scarps at all and not a single gun on this point. Our General cried, as he gained the level of the plateau without a shot being fired, 'We have them—Sebastopol is saved!'" The bridge was not repaired for the passage of men and guns till it was some time past 5 o'clock in the morning of the 5th, and the men did not begin to repair it till after dark on the preceding evening.

But, after all, we may have been saved by the very imbecility of our leaders. When the conflict before Sebastopol assumed such gigantic proportions it became the war itself. The armies of Russia were absorbed into it, and perished in detail. Had we taken Sebastopol at the outset, we must have been prepared, with our small army, to have met those *corps d'armée* which lost tens of thousands in their hasty march to relieve the place, but who, in the event of its capture, would slowly have closed around us, and the same incapacity which stood in the way of reaping the fruits of our *coup-de-main* in attempting the Crimean expedition, might have led to more serious evils in a protracted campaign in the open field, against a numerous and well-handled, if not a daring enemy. Success has indeed been obtained, but its cost has been great. What is to be said now if much of that cost can be shown to have

been a gratuitous outlay of time and money? To me, next to the grave-yards, now verdant oases in the dark plateau, the most melancholy and significant object is our old parallel opened against the Malakhoff, which the French took from us and adopted as the basis of their attack in the spring of 1855.

Any one can I hope understand what I mean.

From The Times, 24 April.

#### FINAL NAVAL DISPLAY.

Nor three years have elapsed since the last great naval review at Spithead, yet no one could witness the magnificent spectacle of yesterday without feeling that in naval matters at least we have gone through a whole century of progress. Then the mimic fight that was exhibited faithfully portrayed the end of an old and the advent of a new system. The powers of sails and steam were ranged against each other in mock antagonism, and for the last time were exhibited as part of the pageant of war those ships propelled by sails which have filled every sea and every land with our glory, and raised us to our present pitch of power and pre-eminence. Then it was thought that sails and steam might unite together in useful co-operation, but the coming campaign dispelled the illusion, and proved that the new agent we had adopted would endure no coadjutation except its own. On the waters of the Solent was yesterday displayed a fleet the like of which the eye of mortal man never beheld, compared with the vastness of the vessels of which even our own mighty armaments of other days were puny and insignificant, and compared with the powers of destruction of which the vessels that bore the victors of the Nile and of Trafalgar seem puny and innocuous. A mighty naval revolution has been effected, and Great Britain, after having completely altered the structure, the equipment, and the propelling power of her fleet, seems to have reasserted her predominance over her own element by means even more efficacious than those she heretofore employed. We rest our hope of naval superiority not merely on the courage of our race nor on the skill of our seamen; we have called in to our aid our own peculiar resources of science and of capital, and thus added an additional chain to those which have so long fettered Victory to our fleets. Nor is it less gratifying to think that at the close of a bloody and severely-contested war, the exhausting influences of which have been felt and confessed alike by our enemies and our allies, we are able to give to ourselves and the world so signal and decisive a proof of unabated strength and unexhausted resources. The

people of this country have as yet felt little of the pressure of war. To their enormously augmented resources the increase of taxation was a trifle, and they are beginning to develop and put forth their full power just as others are finding that their pecuniary and physical strength is beginning to fail. With untouched finances, with unbroken national spirit, with unanimous confidence in her own institutions, and with such a fleet as yesterday astonished the vast concourse that assembled to witness its evolutions, Great Britain may fairly claim to occupy a position as strong, as imposing, and as honorable as ever fell to the lot of any nation. It is not merely her 40 line-of-battle ships, each armed with a tremendous battery, and possessing within itself the power of spontaneous motion in every direction, that inspire us with confidence and pride. These we have possessed before, though of numbers and dimensions far less imposing. But the Review of yesterday also showed that we had profited, if tardily, at any rate effectually, by the lessons of the late war, in providing a species of force which does not, like the larger ships, require to be sought out by an enemy in order to be engaged, but possesses within itself far more efficient means of attack and annoyance than any naval power ever wielded before.

Up to the present time any nation that went to war with Great Britain which possessed no fleet to destroy, or was able to cover itself behind inaccessible shoals and carefully-arranged batteries, might sit down beforehand and count the cost of such an encounter — heavy indeed, but such as a magnanimous people might screw up their resolution to support. A complete blockade, the capture of any merchant ships that might venture to put to sea, the loss of all island colonies, and the isolation of all transmarine possessions, together with such damage as the crews of rowing boats could inflict on the coast, were results that our enemies must always have been prepared for. But this was all, and those who could endure this might set the boasted thunders of Great Britain at defiance. Let any one who was present at the spectacle of yesterday pass in mental review the gun-boats, the mortar-boats, and floating batteries which were displayed before his eyes, and ask himself if this be all now? Henceforth naval war with Great Britain implies a great deal more. Wherever wood can swim our light

but heavily-armed flotilla will penetrate. It is difficult to imagine any fortress which would not crumble beneath the iron storm of our mortar-boats, or any wall that could long resist the crushing fire of our floating batteries, so sure to strike and so difficult to be struck in return. We have now the means of waging a really offensive war, not only against fleets but harbors, fortresses, and rivers, — not merely of blockading, but of invading and carrying the warfare of the sea into the very heart of the land. It is this great change that the Review of yesterday most emphatically records; and when we add to it that the necessity for the change was not fully appreciated till the autumn of 1854, and that between that time and the present, in a period of war, when attention was distracted and resources forestalled, the deficiency of a light flotilla has been so amply supplied, we have said enough to show the vast energies and almost boundless reserves of power which the naval administration of this country possesses.

To the impressive dignity and majesty of the naval parade the spectators themselves contributed an addition almost as interesting. The Queen, the Nobility, the Commons, the gentry, the middle classes of England, were there, swarming by thousands and tens of thousands in another steam fleet such as probably was never collected in one place before. The beauty and calmness of the weather added all that was needed for the completeness of the spectacle, and it is most gratifying to think that so many ships were collected and manœuvred, and so many people gathered together in so narrow a space — when the vast scale of the whole proceeding is considered — not only without loss of life, but without serious, or so far as we are aware, trifling, accident of any kind. Those who were present have beheld a sight the general outlines of which will endure in their memory, and far into the nineteenth century, when, perchance, science shall have supplanted steam by some still more potent and manageable agent — when our present means of destruction and offence, gigantic as they now appear to us, shall seem dwarfish and puny compared with the mightier ordnance of the coming time — there will be found those who will tell how they were present at the great naval spectacle which concluded the Russian war in the reign of Queen Victoria.